

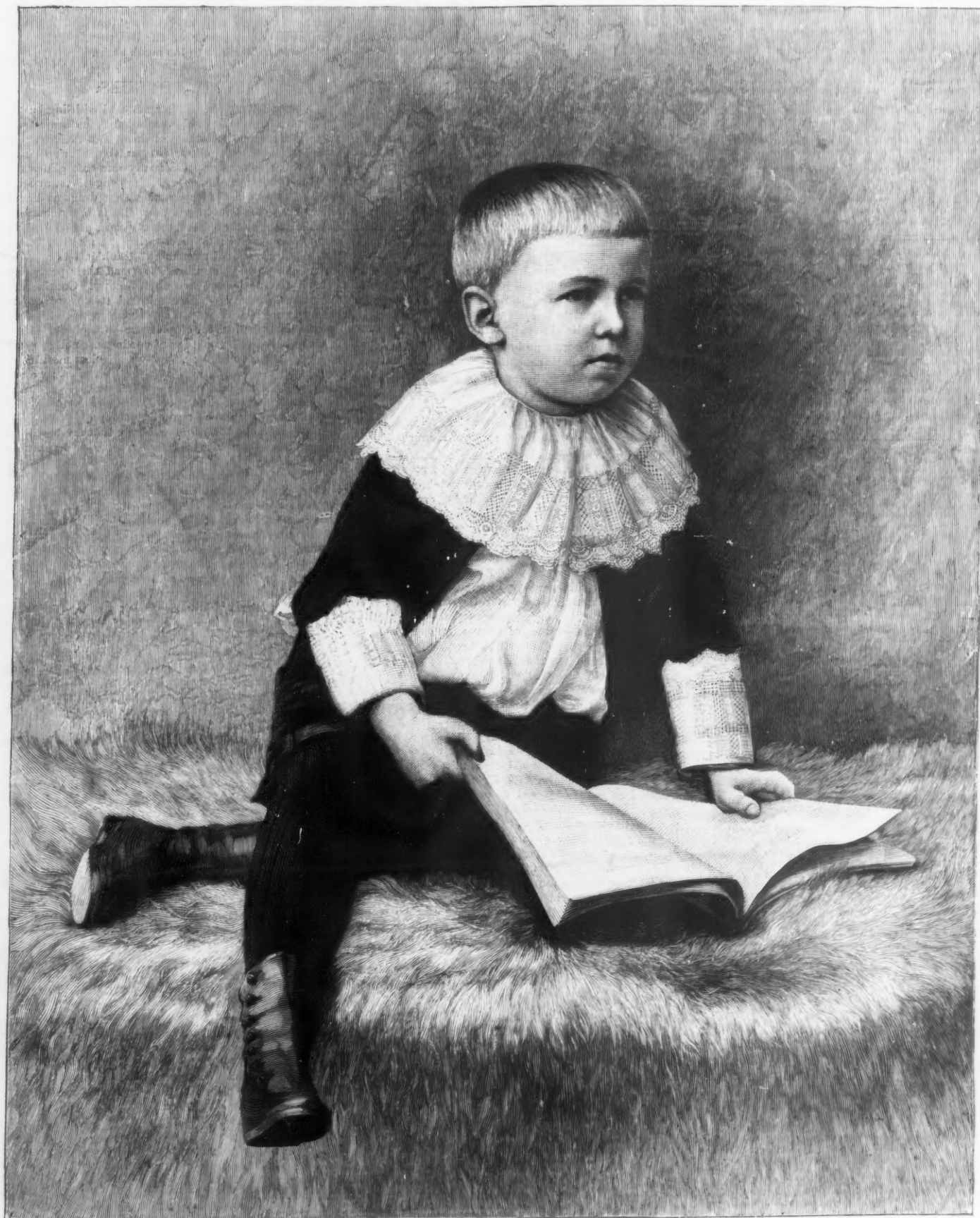
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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MASTER BENJAMIN HARRISON (BABY) MCKEE.

# ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,  
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,  
NEW YORK CITY.

## THE WEEK.

March 7—Monday—

"Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence,  
But never taxed for speech."  
—All's Well that Ends Well, i. 1.

March 8—Tuesday—

"No change of Fortune's calm  
Can speed my comforts down;  
When Fortune smiles I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown."—Southwell.

March 9—Wednesday—

"Art is the child of Nature; yes,  
Her darling child, in whom we trace  
The features of the mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude."—Longfellow.

March 10—Thursday—The first great maxim of human conduct is, above all things, in all circumstances, and under every emergency, to preserve a clean heart and an honest purpose."—Gaston.

March 11—Friday—"Society has this good point at least, that it lessens our conceit by teaching us our insignificance, and making us acquainted with our betters."—Thackeray.

March 12—Saturday—"I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit of pride and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."—Adam Bede.

March 13—Sunday—

"Life is a leaf of paper white  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two."—J. R. Lowell.

These quotations should be committed to memory daily.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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## DO WE LIVE TOO FAST?

THE distinguishing characteristic of the American of to-day is his practicability. He demands, as a result of his labor, a tangible reward, and, for the most part, he seeks it in material prosperity; and the American pursues the Almighty Dollar with an energy, a zeal, a persistence that is amazing. . . . In the main, though, the American strives for wealth as the great reward of his life." In an admirable article in this month's *North American Review* Dr. CYRUS EDSON, Chief Inspector of the New York Board of Health, thus testifies to the national characteristic, and propounds the very vitally interesting question, "Do we live too fast?"

We admit, and must perforce admit, that the condition of life in this country has driven the pace up to fearful speed. The American works harder than does any other man or woman on earth. His business is always with him; he has no rest, no cessation, no relief from the strain. Were he to reduce the effort, his competitors would pass him at once. This, and the fact that the rewards are so rich, so sure, so quickly won, stimulate him to his greatest effort all the time. He has been aptly likened to a steam-engine running constantly under a forced draught. His daily routine is one of intense and ever-present excitement. He must have a stimulus even in his recreations. The most exciting books, dramas whose gorgeousness of setting and sensational character of plot rival the dreams of Eastern tellers of tales, athletic games that demand the utmost effort, horses whose speed is that of railroad trains, yachts that fly over the surface of the sea—these and a thousand other things, all intense, all startling, all sensational, are the occupation of his leisure hours.

What is the outcome? To this Dr. EDSON makes reply: "In order to supply his rapidly-exhausted system he is compelled to consume large quantities of rich food and to stimulate himself with alcoholic beverages. One of three results almost inevitably follows:

"First, He becomes an inebriate and is destroyed by the alcoholic poison he consumes.

"Second, Escaping the pitfall of acquired drunkenness, he rapidly impairs his digestive organs by his abuse of food, and in consequence of this his stomach and intestines no longer properly perform their functions. His system does not receive its proper nourishment and he soon literally burns out.

"Third, He starts on his career with a robust digestion not easily deranged. The over-indulgence of his appetite crowds upon the excretory apparatus an amount of work that sooner or later embarrasses and disorders it. Matter that should be cast out is retained in the body and forms unwholesome tissue. Fat is accumulated. The muscular system undergoes what is termed 'fatty degeneration.' The heart may become affected. The kidneys may become diseased, or the over-worked digestive system refuses to perform its functions. Now, the digestive organs are controlled by a very important system of nerves, and the nervous balance (if I may be allowed this term) of these is disarranged. This gives rise to all kinds of nervous phenomena—insomnia, neuralgia and hysterical symptoms. The name 'nervous exhaustion,' or 'neurasthenia,' has been coined to describe the condition into which this over-worked, over-stimulated man gets."

Thus and truly speaks Dr. EDSON. Again, not only does the American carry on his work under the spur of food and climate, for this rich, nitrogenous food of which he eats is a stimulant for a time, but he has in the modern magazines and newspapers a mental spur constantly applied, the effect of which it would be impossible to over-rate. For, think of it a moment, every morning and every evening the sheets—four pages, eight pages, sixteen pages—dump from the flying presses, come to him filled with new thoughts, new events, new matter for the mind to dwell on. The experience of the world during the day is gathered that he may think. Facts, ranging in importance from a block on the Elevated Railway to the death of thousands of people by famine, are there for him to read. New mercantile enterprises, many affecting his business, his profits, his very place in life, and his ability to support those who are dependent on him, give him subject for anxious thought.

The strain of all this, the stimulation of the mind which comes from it, would be something wonderful to us were we not so accustomed to it. The news alone is enough, even if it be not personal. It devours a large part of our nervous force. "It is a fact that a portion of the strength we derive from our breakfast," observes Dr. EDSON, "is expended while reading the morning paper." It is necessary in many cases to give the brain rest, to deprive it of the stimulant our modern life over-doses it with.

With the body nourished by rich food, the whole being stimulated by the climate, and the brain spurred on by the news of the world, let us see what this man, so nourished, stimulated and driven, has done in his pursuit of material good. The following table shows the wealth of the United States and the wealth per capita on the dates given:

Date.	Aggregate Wealth.	Per Capita.
1850.....	\$7,135,790,228	\$308
1860.....	16,159,616,068	514
1870.....	30,068,518,507	780
1880.....	43,642,000,000	870

In thirty years' time, less than half the Biblical allowances of man's life, the United States has multiplied its wealth six times and has nearly trebled that per capita. What energy, what ability, what unceasing effort has been needed to bring about this marvelous result!

"Build up the body, build up the body!" says Dr. EDSON. In our modern life this should be drilled into the ears of all until it is obeyed; for, verily, unless we build up the body, the strain on the brain will ruin the American people. The very elements in ourselves that now renders us great—the push, the drive, the industry, the mental keenness, the ability and the willingness to labor—these contain in them the seeds of national death. No race may endure that has not the stamina and the power of the healthy animal. The American race has run to too much brain.

## BITTER TONGUES.

WE are all placed on our insignificant whirling bullet of a world like shipwrecked folk on some frail raft. Around us the billows of doom roll heavily, and ever and anon one of our companions is swept into the seething darkness. Gradually our raft glides toward the whirlpool that must at last engulf us, and we feel the drag of the deadly current that drags us downward. Take it at its longest, our life is but a hurried sojourn among other fated mortals, and not one of us can do more than battle feebly with the monster Time. An ordinary, rational man might think it but natural for the people on the frail raft to spend their petty day in trying to soothe and ease their fellows. Considering the paltry breathing space allowed to us, we ought surely to use time as misers use treasure, so that every moment may be fruitful of pleasure—the pleasure that is given only by the practice of goodness. Yet so blind are we that many of us employ our priceless minutes in hurting others, instead of giving forth comfort; we see the gulf before us, we know that perhaps we may never have another chance of doing good, yet some of us turn away from the thought of our dread destiny, and use the powers of brain and body that are bestowed on us in causing pain to fellow-mortals as hapless as ourselves.

When a man carries his narrowness of mind to such a pitch of meanness that he is capable of stealing life or property from another, we call him a criminal; when he steals little pleasures and inflicts little pains, we call him a disagreeable person. The woman who matches the male disagreeable person has received various names from the wicked ingenuity of past generations, and, according to her station, we label her "shrew," or "virago," or "termagant," or "spitfire," or "scold," or "killjoy," or even "cat," though this last is even too severe for general use. The multiplicity of names bestowed on feminine persons hints at terrible experiences that have been gone through in past times, and we feel a slight tremor as we ponder on the harsh significance of those nicknames. We can have nothing to do with criminals, but we may profitably employ a little time in talking about disagreeable persons.

First of all, there are the objectionable persons who set up as wits, and whose notion of wit impels them, on all occasions, to speeches which we may class as "verbal vitriol." High and low, prince and peasant, patrician, plebeian, scholar, dunce, have been smitten with that unwise desire to say bitter things, and we never knew much good to come of their viciousness. Curious enough it is to see men and women who are bitter enough to obtain celebrity through the stabs that they dealt to others are rather admired than otherwise. Lord ELLENBOROUGH sat grimly on the Bench while a poor junior counsel strove to make an address: "My lord, ah—ah—my unfortunate client—My lord, my unfortunate client—ah—ah—My lord, my unfortunate client—ah—ah—" And ELLENBOROUGH sweetly remarked: "Go on, sir, so far the Court is entirely with you!" How neat, and yet how dastardly and cruel! ELLENBOROUGH was the type of the disagreeable person.

Another judge—a Scotchman—had a reputation for wit, and, in order to keep up his record, he had made one of the ghastliest legal stories on record. For years he had been accustomed to play chess with a man who had constantly beaten him; this skillful opponent at length appeared before Lord BRAXFIELD on a capital charge and was found guilty. Lord BRAXFIELD registered the doomed man's sentence and cheerfully remarked: "And now, SANDY, my man, I've checkmated you." In society this legal luminary displayed his interesting humors even more freely than on the Bench; but his jokes cannot be quoted for the present modest generation. Suffice to say that he was by no means averse to swearing at ladies in company; in fact, he was ready to do anything rather than escape being noticed. Among the legions of the Disagreeable Brigade that flows through history, DOUGLASS JERROLD holds a somewhat high place.



"We both row in the same boat," said a dull literary man. "But not with the same sculls," replied JERROLD. "Nature meant you for a pig, but her intentions were frustrated when she had half completed you." This was the sort of thing that passed for wit; and as we read of it we wonder that the peace was preserved in a society where such a callously impertinent man went at large. THACKERAY was the soul of gentleness, but sometimes a perverse spirit would take hold of him and he would become positively unbearable. Someone said "Mr. B. tells me that A. is a gentlemanly man." "But how could B. know?" replied THACKERAY. On another occasion the great novelist startled a dinner-party by calling out to the *Times* correspondent: "Who's your dentist, GALLENGA?" a mere wanton piece of rudeness, meant to sting a harmless man, who was not to blame for being toothless. Following the same perversity, the author of "Esmond" once persecuted a foolish young journalist (EDMUND YATES) until the victim was ostracized, all for scribbling a light-hearted, chatty article. We should not rank THACKERAY as a permanent member of the Disagreeable Battalion; but, when he chose to enter, he was a most excellent recruit. We can hardly class HEINE among the Disagreeables, for there is something light and gay in his most disagreeable words; moreover, his sarcasm was usually aimed at public men. He once said: "There is something tragic in the history of NAPOLEON's chief enemies: CASTLEREAGH committed suicide; LOUIS PHILIPPE is in exile, and Professor SAALFELD still teaches at the University of Göttingen." For wicked wit that cannot be surpassed, but we do not feel repelled by it; there is no mere snarling note in the brief epigram. In the same way HEINE's remark on SCRIBE, the dramatist, is purely funny. The poet was dying, and the physician asked if he could breathe—meaning, of course, if he could breathe without oppression? But the doctor used the word *siffler*, which also means to hiss, and HEINE answered: "No, not even a comedy by M. SCRIBE." This was malicious, but it was the malice of a mocking child, and it merely makes us smile now.

Another literary giant has gained a reputation which, unhappily, places him as supreme among disagreeable persons. A great historian, actuated by a view of friendship which most of us regard as superhuman, has given us a picture of THOMAS CARLYLE. Two generations of young men have regarded him with a feeling little short of worship; the thoughts of his writings have roused men to heroism, and many a toiler was supported through life by the counsels of the magnificent eccentric who wrote "Past and Present." No thinker was ever followed by such an army of pure enthusiasts—no man ever took such a hold on the spirit of English-speaking people. And we find that he was the arch example of the class whose disposition gives the title to this paper; he could talk with splendid power; he never in his life sinned against any moral law; he was charitable and unselfish; but he was completely intolerable in private life. An unfortunate man had talked for half an hour, and CARLYLE listened steadily. Then the sage looked up and observed, "Eh, man; but you're a poor creature." A polite speech with a vengeance. The historian seems to have slung his abuse about in private with a reckless vengeance, and he must have been a most nasty man to deal with. He kept three sovereigns folded up on the mantelpiece and pointed them out to all whom it did not concern as "LEIGH HUNT's sovereigns," because the gentle cockney essayist used to borrow them. Mrs. CARLYLE was once lying on her couch in desperate suffering; she had fallen in the street and wrenched the muscles of one side so that breathing was difficult to her. "Keep your mouth shut, JANE!" said the sage to the agonized woman. Then, after a time: "You'll look more seemly if you shut your mouth, JANE; it doesn't look well!" We find him smashing things in his temper, snarling at his food, pitching his breakfast out of the window, going off for days in the sulks, raging at dogs, and poultry, and servants, and everything else that prevented him from enjoying the quiet of Sahara in the heart of London. To live with him must have been like living on the edge of a geyser, for no one could tell when the deluge of hot water would come; he snapped all around. LAMB is a poor, dear, old droler, who talks diluted lunacy; Lord Houghton is a little robin red-breast; CHRISTOPHER NORTH's intellect is swamped in whiskey-punch; GLADSTONE is "the most contemptiblest man I ever looked on;" Cardinal NEWMAN had not the intellect of an under-sized rabbit; WORDSWORTH is dull; GROTE, the historian, is a gaping dullard with a "spout mouth;" RUSKIN is a weak man, and so on. Our type, our example, our unsurpassed proficient in all that is disagreeable stands out before us as we read. It is melancholy.

We beg to announce to our subscribers that Mr. FRANK R. STOCKTON, author of "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Great War Syndicate," "The House of Martha," "Rudder Grange," etc., etc., has named the novelette which he has specially written for the ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY—

"MY TERMINAL MORAINÉ."

## BEAUTY.

"IS there any handsome people on the face of the globe?" asks the London *Daily News*. Now we may set aside the black and yellow and polychrome races in general, many of whom are well shaped, and like bronze statues to look upon, but who do not come up to the Aryan standard in features and color. Leaving these children of Nature out of the question, it may be confessed that there is no race among whom beauty is common. If the ancient Greeks were like their statues, then there once was a beautiful race, but it is not so certain that they did not idealize themselves a good deal. There is the more reason to guess this, as, when they have to represent a barbarian, say a Gaul or a German, or a professional prize-fighter, they make these people as handsome as themselves, though in a rougher way. There is a famous bronze statue of a boxer, who might be taken for an orator or a poet, were it not for his heavy metal-studded gloves. Thus it may be deemed that there is a great proportion of the ideal in these statues, vases, coins and figurines, where everyone is so graceful and goodly. Every nation has a high opinion of its own charms. The French pride themselves on small feet, and it is certain that their women walk very little and have cunning bootmakers. "The Americans write," says the scribe of the *Daily News*, "as if their women were a galaxy of loveliness;" and then comes a military critic (English) who only saw three pretty women in the States, and one of them was a foreigner. There is no knowing what to believe when patriotism boasts of the local fair. Are the women of Arles really more lovely than their neighbors? Is "Auld Ayr" peculiar, beyond Girvan and Maybole, for the presence of bonnie lasses? Were the women of Tanagra prettier than those of Thebes? Or do they owe their reputation to the local school of artists? Are Irish complexions and Irish eyes the pardonable inventions of Hibernian patriotism? And are Lancashire witches more bewitching than they of Shropshire?

These questions can never be satisfactorily answered. "Perhaps it might pay an American journal," quoth the London scribbler, "to send a Commissioner on Beauty all round the world, one who should give a comprehensive and unbiased opinion. But it would be difficult for the world to believe in his judicial fairness, and no really scientific result could be obtained. At home, we may all look about us, and ask where beauty flourishes most. Now, it may be a heresy, but we think that the scientific observer will find beauty most common among the young work-women and storegirls, on one hand, and among 'the highest circles,' the oldest families, on the other. The large, highly-educated, professional middle class is comparatively poor in female beauty. For example, it would be a dangerous experiment to take a Frenchman or an American to Lord's on an Eton and Harrow day if we wanted him to acknowledge our British superiority. Nor would it be safe to carry him to a private view at the Royal Academy. Why this should be so others may decide, laying the blame, perhaps, on over-study, which produces a plentiful crop of spectacles. Certainly, either the *débutantes* at a drawing-room, or the girls streaming out of a factory at dinner-time, would give a stranger a more correct idea of English beauty than a chance assemblage of the intellectual fair."

## SOME POSSIBILITIES OF ELECTRICITY.

IT has been found in not a few experiments that electric currents not only give increased vigor to the life of the higher plants, but tend to paralyze the baneful activity of parasites, animal and vegetable. Here, then, is unlimited scope for practical research, in which the electrical engineer must join forces with the farmer, the gardener, and the vegetable physiologist. We have definitely to decide whether, and under what circumstance, electricity is beneficial to our crops; and whether, and under what conditions, it is deadly to parasitic pests. "With regard to the possible applications of electricity to agriculture," observes Professor WILLIAM CROOKES, in the *Fortnightly Review*, "I may mention that the total amount of *vis viva* which the sun pours out yearly upon every acre of the earth's surface, chiefly in the form of heat, is 800,000 horse-power. Of this mighty supply of energy a flourishing crop utilizes only 3,200 horse-power, so that the energy wasted per acre of land is 796,800 horse-power. We talk loudly of the importance of utilizing the refuse of our manufactures; but what is the value of alkali waste, of furnace slags, of coal tar, or of all of them together, compared to the loss of 796,800 horse-power per acre?"

The application of electricity to sanitary improvements is another possibility, turning again mainly on a cheap supply of current. The electrical treatment and purification of sewage and industrial waste waters is a demonstrated reality which merely requires a reduction in the cost of the agent employed. The sterilization, i.e., the destruction of disease-germs by electrical means, of the water-supply of cities has been proposed and discussed. Theoretically, it is possible, but the practical difficulty of dealing with the vast volumes of water re-

quired for the daily consumption of our large and growing cities is prodigious. But, "a difficulty," said Lord LYNCHURST, "is a thing to be overcome." There is a still more important consideration; the living organisms in water are by no means all pathogenic—many are demonstratively harmless, and others are probably beneficial. PASTEUR proposed to bring up young animals on sterilized food and drink, with a view to determine whether their health and development would be affected for the better or for the worse. Decisive results are not yet forthcoming. Before the sterilization of our water sources can be prudently undertaken, this great question must be first decided by experimental biologists.

Another point at which the practical electrician should aim is nothing less than the control of the weather. The real calamity consists in the weather being upset. The storm is followed by a fall of temperature; and a fit of rain, clouds and wind, which rarely lasts less than a week, sadly interferes with the growth and ripening of grain and fruits. The question is, Cannot the accumulations of electric energy in the atmosphere be thwarted, dispersed, or turned to practical use? In like manner we may hope to abate the terrible fog nuisance. It has been shown that during a genuine London fog the air is decidedly electro-positive. What the effect would be of neutralizing it would not be very difficult to show.

We hear of attempts at rain-making said to have been more or less successful. We need clear heavens by day, that the supply of sunshine may not be interfered with, and we want clouds at night to prevent the earth losing by radiation the heat which it has gained in the day. As we have just seen, Nature supplies energy amply sufficient. How is this enormous quantity of power to be made available? These are problems which may safely be left to the devices and the inspirations of our electrical engineers.

We wonder what that renowned composer, GOUNOD, would say if he were informed that an act of "Faust" was to be given in a New York drawing-room, by first-class artists, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, for the sake of—a social advertisement! The idea of putting up a stage, setting scenery, establishing an orchestra, and hiring the *crème de la crème* of the artists now warbling at the Metropolitan Opera—with voices that would fill a temple!—to belittle "Faust" in a Fifth avenue parlor! Faugh! It is an insult to music—a vulgar insult—since it is not for the sake of melody, but for the exquisitely refined delight of a column or so in the daily newspapers. And this is the idea of the widow of a South American President. How many of the guests will understand one word of the libretto or care a maravedi for the music? Let it be understood that ten thousand dollars is the price of this farcical entertainment, for a farce it is, and a very contemptible one—an ignorant, silly, stupid farce—and an occasion whereon great artists should scorn to so insult art. Of course the ten thousand dollars includes the gratis advertisement, such as it is, and the relief of the ex-President ought to be in the seventh heaven of delight.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Press*, makes a suggestion that is as appropriate as it is graceful. One of the prime features of the gift recently dispatched from Philadelphia to the famine-perishing Russians was forwarded by the *Indiana*, one of four vessels in the only regular line of transatlantic American-built steamships in existence. The other three vessels are the *Pennsylvania*, *Ohio*, and *Illinois*. The *Press*, in a sub-editorial, then suggests: "It would be a great achievement if all four of these American steamships could eventually be sent with provisions to the suffering people of the nation which has always stood by the United States in every emergency. The fund that is being raised in New York could be devoted to no better purpose than the chartering of one of these ships to be filled with contributions of breadstuffs from the citizens of the metropolis. The object is so worthy that it seems to need only the bare suggestion to set it on foot."

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS has just presented a memorial window, of the very highest art, to the St. James' Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, in testimony of the life and services of the late Rev. Dr. HENRY JACKSON MORTON. The window illustrates a portion of "Te Deum." Mr. CHILDS is a model citizen, the very type that novelists endeavor to pen-paint. If Mr. CHILDS were in London, he would perforce be Lord Mayor, and beat WHITTINGTON's record by having the office made permanent in his own bright, particular person.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The subscribers and readers of ONCE A WEEK should give prompt and earnest attention to the offers made to renewing subscribers on the last pages of each number of the Library. Such offers have no precedent and are of enormous value.

## HOW NEWS IS GATHERED AND DISTRIBUTED.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.  
(Concluded.)

THE special leased wires are manned by operators employed by the association. There are six of these operators in the New York office in the daytime and seven at night. In most of the offices there is but one operator on duty at a time. The day operators go on duty at nine o'clock A.M., Eastern time, and the night operators go off duty between half-past two and three o'clock the next morning. But the offices in New York and Chicago are open continuously twenty-four hours each day.

The means of gathering news vary a little. The newspapers belonging to the association are bound by their contracts to supply all the local news as fast as it is brought into their offices. Usually the operator of the association has his instrument in the newsroom of the paper taking the report, and when an interesting piece of local news comes in the news-editor gives it to him. That is the groundwork of the news service. In New York City, though, news is obtained from the local news agencies; in Washington a large news bureau, with a full corps of local reporters, is maintained, and in almost every other large news center the local manager has certain important hours in the day when he can put a substitute at his telegraph-key and go out to skirmish for news. All of the agents of the association (they are usually the operators as well) read the morning papers carefully before going on duty, to see if any news was neglected the night before; and study the editions of the afternoon papers as they come out, to see if they have missed any piece of news important enough to be telegraphed over the country.

These are the chief sources of news. But each agent of the association cannot be the sole judge of the news matter which is to be sent out from his office. His local pride would lead him often to send a story much longer than the importance of the facts warranted. Only one story can be sent over the wire at one time. It takes just so much time for a good operator, working on a wire which is in good condition, to send one thousand words; and he must not be interrupted constantly by the operators at the other offices who are receiving what he sends. The wire has a capacity of so many thousand words a day—that is, between the time when the offices open and the time when they close only a certain number of words can be transmitted. If the Washington office has five thousand words of news, the New York office has eight thousand, the Chicago office has three thousand, and the other offices bring the aggregate up to fifty thousand words; while the capacity of the wire is only thirty thousand words, part of this news cannot be sent. There must be some chief office which shall direct the news service. That office is at New York, and to the New York office all other offices on the wire report the news that they have to offer. The day's work begins with the opening of the New York office on the main circuit at nine o'clock. The operator there sits down at his key and calls up each other office on his circuit by the telegraph signal by which it is known. This is a combination of letters. Washington's call is Wa; Chicago's is Hx. When each office has answered its call, the editor in the New York office hands to the operator a piece of news which has come in from one of the news agencies. As the operator sends this telegram, it is copied at each office on the circuit. All of the operators use typewriters, because they can write more rapidly with them than with a pencil; and in offices where more than one newspaper is served duplicate copies of the telegram are made as it is received, by the use of carbon sheets and oiled tissue-paper.

While this telegram is being sent, perhaps the editor of the Washington bureau has been preparing a piece of news, and it is ready to be sent. As soon as the New York dispatch is finished, the operator at Washington breaks in on the circuit and begins to send a "schedule." It is a message from the Washington office to the New York office, telling of a piece of news which has been filed. It may read as follows:

Nx: No. 1—Secretary Foster sick—fifty words. Wa.

This message is handed to the editor in New York. It tells him that the operator at Washington has on his file a news paragraph of fifty words about the illness of Secretary Foster. Perhaps a message comes in from Chicago:

Nx: No. 1—Million-dollar fire—eight hundred words.  
No. 2—Suicide prominent man—seventy-five words. Hx.

This message tells the editor that the operator at Chicago has the two news paragraphs described, and that they are ready to send. Now, it is the duty of the editor to decide whether he will order the operator at Chicago to send one of these two paragraphs or tell the operator at Washington to send the news paragraph which he has, or let both of these matters wait until his operator has sent over the circuit some piece of news from New York which he considers more important. And it is also his duty to decide whether the man that filed each of these dispatches has made it too long or not. If he orders the long story from Chicago about the million-dollar fire, he sends a message to Chicago through his operator, as follows:

Hx: Send No. 1.

To him, each news item is known by its number only. He keeps these schedules filed on his desk, and checks off each item as it is sent. If the schedules accumulate, and the matter filed threatens to exceed the capacity of the wire, he orders some of the news items "cut," or condensed; and others "killed," or thrown away, while it frequently happens that at the end of the day's work the editor has on his desk the schedules of a dozen or so of

good news items which have not been ordered at all, and which are marked "left over" in the day's report.

Everything possible is done to increase the capacity of the wire. The introduction of type-writers for the use of operators when receiving messages helped. When the physical impediment of man's slowness in writing was thus removed in part, a system of abbreviation in sending was introduced under a code devised by Walter P. Phillips, the general manager of the United Press, by which the capacity of the wire was increased still further. The demand for a fuller service between Washington, New York and Chicago, however, has made it necessary recently to put in special wires connecting those cities.

The description which I have given conveys perhaps a faint idea of the daily routine connected with the distribution of the news between offices where the United Press has agents and operators employed. There are many other news points of less importance, and from these it obtains its news through representatives regularly employed, who file special dispatches to the nearest distributing point on the leased wires of the concern, whence they are sent out in the report from that point. Foreign news is received at New York by cable, and forms a distinct branch of the news service. It is collected abroad much as news is collected here, centralized in London, and sent from London to New York by cable. It is not received just as it is published. Each press association has a cable-writer who rewrites and elaborates the brief dispatches into which the man in London condenses the news which he cables over. But the facts all come over the cable; and, so long as they are correct, no one should question the legitimacy of the work of the cable-writer when he translates the story into ornate language which would be expensive at ten cents a word.

The day report of the United Press ranges from three hundred to fifteen thousand words—the latter representing the full service handled on the main circuit, the former a special service filed with the telegraph company for a single paper. The full day's report ranges from five hundred to thirty-five thousand words. For special reports (which cover every important news feature of the day), papers pay as low as five dollars per week and the telegraph tolls on the messages. For the full regular news report they pay from fifteen dollars to three hundred dollars per week, according to the size and importance of the communities in which they are published. A New York newspaper pays more than a paper in Cincinnati, and the Cincinnati paper much more than a paper in Mansfield, Ohio. It seems wonderful that a paper should be able to obtain for fifteen dollars a week a news service which costs half a million a year to collect. But that is just what a press association does for the daily press; and that is why you can buy one thousand dollars' worth of telegraph news any day in the week in New York City for one cent.

## A KANGAROO HUNT.

BY MAURICE MCCARTHY-O'LEARY.

THE kangaroo is undoubtedly the feature par excellence of the Australian story. It is as vain to think of excluding him from the romance of the Bush as it was for Mr. Dick to keep the head of Charles I. out of his memorial; why, even when we say "Advance Australia," we almost expect to see that vast continent advancing in wide bounds to immortality and wealth! In a country where horses are cheap kangaroo-hunting is a source of amusement for all sorts and conditions of men. It has the advantage of being practicable at all seasons of the year, and so anxious are the squatters to exterminate an animal that uses up the grass upon the land that a small price is set upon the scalp of every marsupial.

Some few years ago I was staying with a friend of mine in North Queensland. We were a gay and light-hearted party, though by far the greater number were from the old country, and were experiencing for the first time, "in a strange and distant land," the pleasures of December with a thermometer at well over a hundred in the shade. It was Christmas Eve, and we were preparing for a hunt. People are generally early risers in a tropical climate, though there one sleeps as soundly in a slab hut, with a shingle roof, as he could possibly do in the most weather-tight of houses; and a hearty welcome—nowhere more hearty than in Queensland—makes salt beef and "damper" as palatable as grouse pie or salmi de décaisses.

Certainly instead of the orthodox pink there were colored Crimean shirts around the breakfast-table, while snowy buckskins, and tops, with their delicate tint, "like rose-leaves in champagne," had but a sorry substitute in our well-worn moleskins. The newest chum, indeed, turned out in Shikari boots and a pair of Tautz's most elaborate breeches; but even the sight of all this splendor failed to dazzle our irreverent minds—it rather furnished us with a subject to joke on, and jokes are valued in the Bush. The new chum took our chaffing with a calm disdain. He evidently pitied our ignorance, and it was only in the stockyard, where his horse, alarmed by his awkward manner of mounting, propped and landed him on his head, that he slightly relaxed his self-satisfied demeanor.

There is always a certain amount of excitement, to say the least of it, when a party of Australian horsemen are getting under way. Such dashing around in search of blankets and cruppers, such maneuvering amongst buck-jumping and kicking horses,

whilst "a running fire of stock-whips and a fiery run of hoofs" make up altogether an animated and bewildering scene. Two couple of kangaroo-dogs accompanied us—large animals that come from a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff, and inherit much of the speed and power of their ancestry.

Behold us now clattering out by the pretty station garden, where the graceful leaves of the bananas were waving gently in the morning breeze, and where the indefatigable Chinese gardener was engaged, as usual, in watering his cauliflowers and cabbages. Down across the creek we go, through the eucalyptus with their white and twisted branches, by many a dark water-hole and shady pool, whilst from all around, instead of the familiar horn, we hear the screaming of the lory or the cockatoo.

In spite of the act made and provided for their destruction, kangaroos are still plentiful in Queensland; but, in order not to give them too much law, it is well to observe silence and to stalk them down the wind. When we reached a spot where there was a natural clearing of a few acres, we were gratified by the sight of three kangaroos so busy feeding that our dogs were close upon the mob before they were aware of our approach. Then, indeed, they started off at score, two in one direction and the third striking out a line of country of his own. The horses are as eager as their riders, and, from being accustomed to cutting out cattle, quickly mark out their object, and pursue it through the close-standing timber, where no one tries to guide his mount. Over rough and smooth, through the long grass, where many a fallen log lies as a trap for the unwary horseman, down break-neck slopes and over stony creeks, and onward where the tea-tree rises from a deep and holding soil. It is regular steeple-chasing, and no one but the keenest thruster has the ghost of a chance of living through a run like this. Should you meet a scrub of she-oaks, you dash boldly in amongst the lashing boughs; should a rocky gully cross the line, down it you must flash, beat pace, and if you can go harder than the dogs, why then you follow the example of Leech's Frenchman, who did not know whether he *could*, "but he certainly would *try* to catch the fox himself!"

One of our kangaroos was carrying a young one in her pouch, when she found that all her efforts to escape were likely to prove vain, for we were every moment drawing nearer and nearer; she pulled "the joey" out and set him on the ground. It was like a crew lightening the ship, and I am glad to-day that the plan succeeded, as the tiny fellow shot off like an arrow, and both he and his mother put such an amount of real property behind them in no time that they were soon beyond all danger from pursuit. The other was not equally fortunate, and was eventually ridden down. He was "an old man," and showed fight, getting his back against a gum-tree and defending himself from the dogs with his formidable pointed toes. A blow on the head from a "waddy," however, disposed of him, and we cut off and carried away his tail for soup. During the run the new chum had disappeared, and we were obliged to ride a long way back before we managed to find him. According to himself, he had gone after the third kangaroo, and had done more deeds of daring than were performed since Falstaff's combat with the men in buckram—though unlike the fat knight, he did not claim a kill.

In our next run our quarry carried us into a swamp where he left us sticking, and another, "a flyer," a young kangaroo, ran right out of sight in a few hundred yards. Altogether, we got about a half a dozen tails, but in every hunt, whether we killed or whether we didn't, our friend in the Shikari boots was nowhere to be seen—

"He was not with the first flight,  
So they one and all declare;  
He was not with the hindmost,  
He was neither here nor there!"

The kangaroo may not be the equal of the fox, and a burst through the Bush not worth a run with the Pytchley or the Meath, but there is much in common with them. There is the same health-giving and manly exercise, which sends a man into the open air and forces him to face and overcome fatigue and danger. They carry him through scenes of natural beauty, they promote good fellowship; they develop a love of sport; they inculcate that spirit of endurance and courage which has been proved on the prairies of New Mexico and in the jungles of Bengal, and, with sterner determination still, on the bloody fields of Gettysburg or Balaclava. In short, the fox-chase and the kangaroo hunt have alike an element of national success:

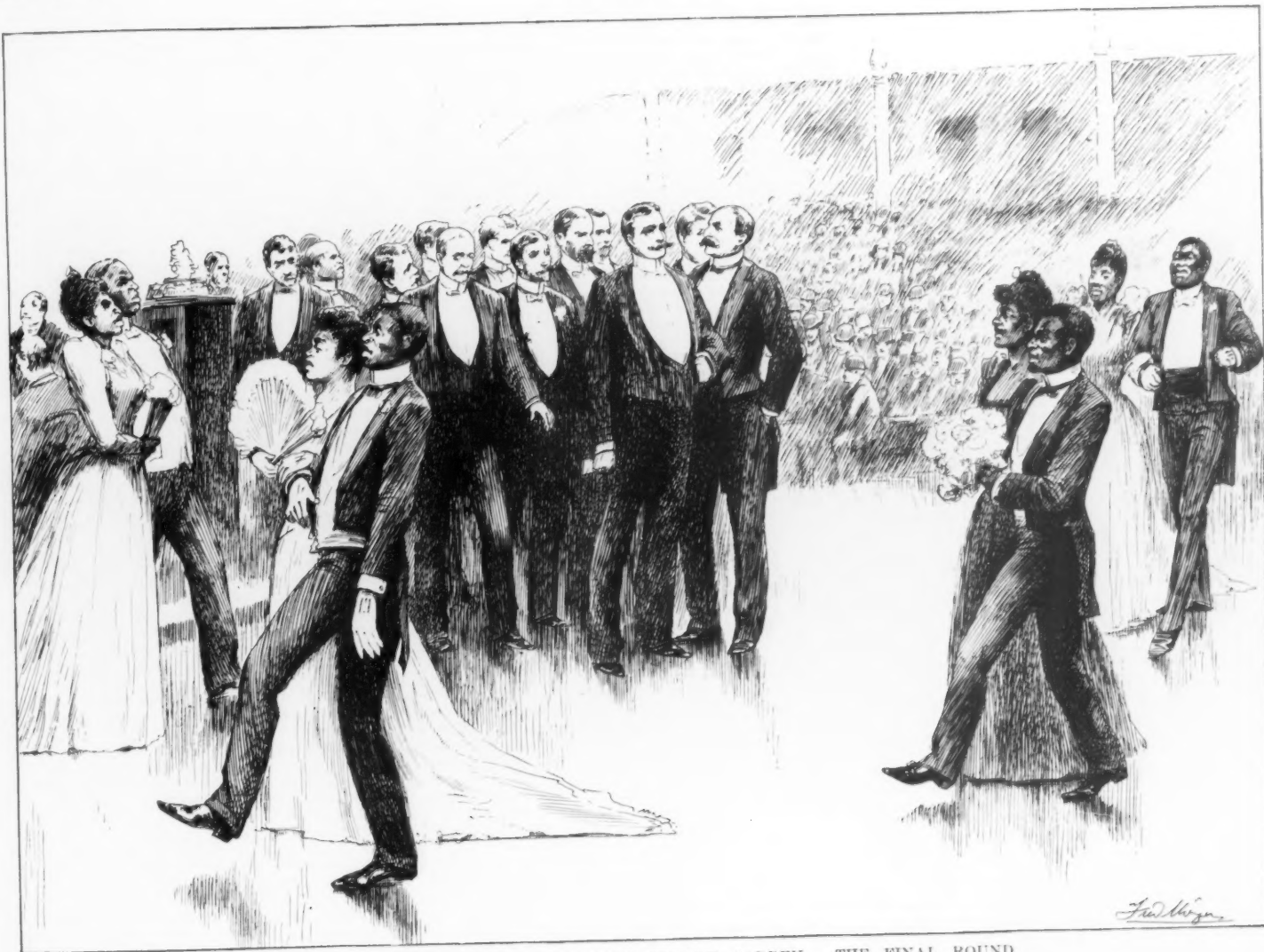
"For if once we efface the joys of the chase  
From the land, and outroot the stud,  
Good-bye to the Anglo-Saxon race!  
Farewell to the Norm an blood!"



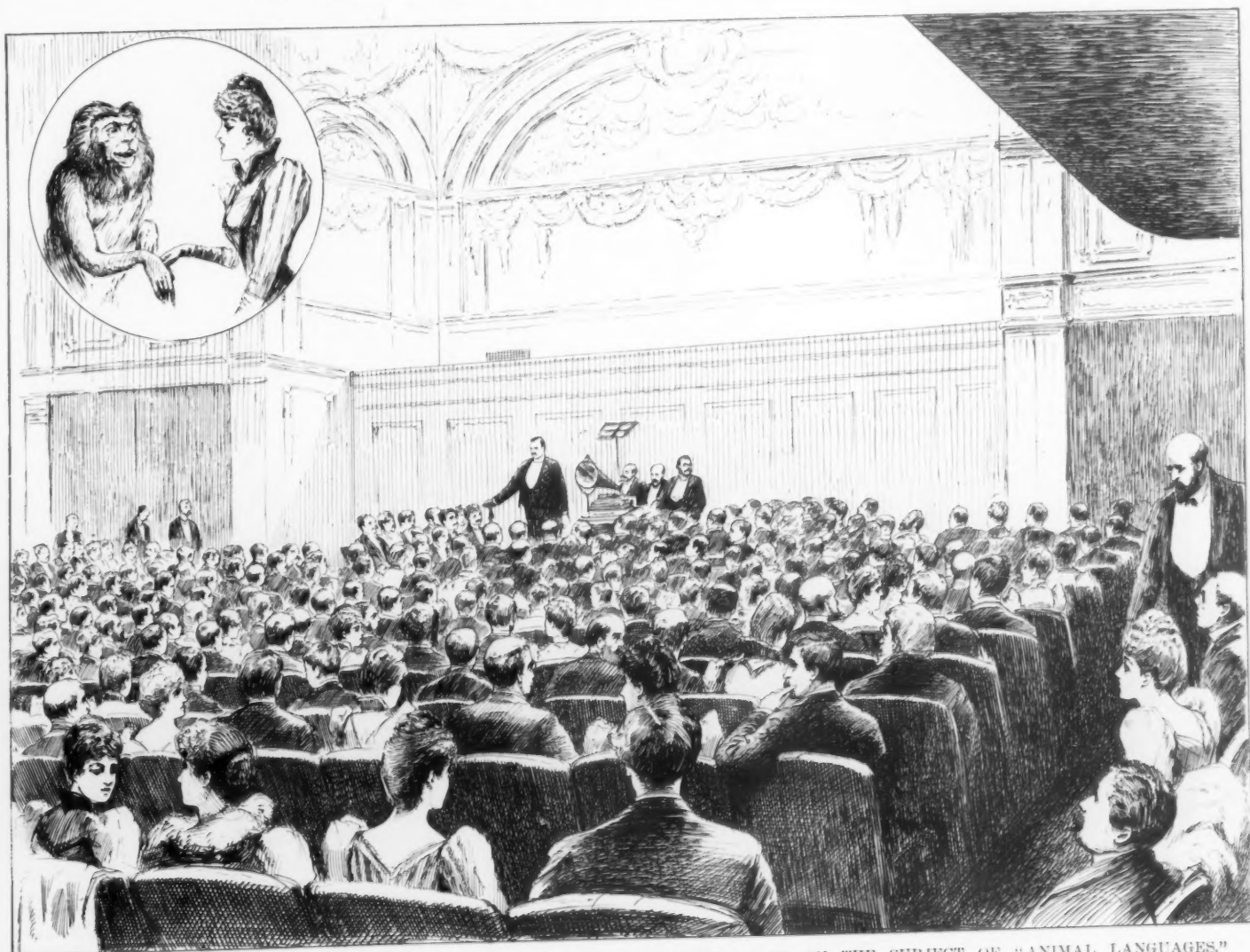
SYSTEMATIC.

BUSY EDITOR'S WIFE—"Here's a package of letters that mamma wrote you just after we were married. Do you want to save them?"  
BUSY EDITOR—"Certainly. Mark them 'War Reminiscences,' and file them in the 'probably-not-needed' pigeon-hole."





NEW YORK—CAKE-WALK AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. THE FINAL ROUND.



NEW YORK—PROFESSOR GARNER ADDRESSING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB ON THE SUBJECT OF "ANIMAL LANGUAGES."

## LIFE AND DEATH.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Under our feet the green, green grass,  
Full of daisies and clover sweet;  
And all day long the shadows pass  
To and fro where the branches meet.

Under our feet the spangled bloom,  
As merry-hearted we laugh and play,  
Drunk, like the bees, with the rose-perfume,  
Blithe and glad as the Summer day.

Over our heads the green, green grass,  
Where the silver dews and the rain-drops weep;  
And even the dearest step may pass,  
And never awaken us out of sleep.

Over our heads the spangled bloom  
Where merry children laugh and play:  
Oh, the inevitable doom!  
Oh, the end of the Summer day!

## THE FARMER AT THE DOG SHOW.

WHEN Uncle Timothy Skinflint came to the city last, to purchase what he required on the farm in the way of utensils and seeds, he made up his mind that he would top the visit off with something in the way of a genuine treat. His memories of the Poultry Show and its great cock-a-doodle-doo were so pleasant that he determined to enjoy something as near like it as he could possibly find, and, having consulted the papers, he concluded that the best show in the city for his money was the Bench Show, in which dogs of high degree were on exhibition to show their points and let people see why they belonged to the Four Hundred of Dogville.

And when Uncle Timothy Skinflint entered the show he heard on every hand—

The yelp of the small kloodle  
And the bay of the long-eared hound,  
And the bark of the Gaelic poodle  
And the growl of the old New Found-  
Land dog, and the snore of the pug  
Asleep on a silken rug.

But the voices of the dogs were music to him. It made him feel as though in the open country, especially when he saw the shepherd-dogs and the fox-terriers, and heard them bark, as though chasing off wolves and protecting the sheep.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, as he watched a St. Bernard about the size of a calf; "if I only had that fellow daown to Scuttle Hole I could make the old treadmill connected with the churn hum. Why that fellow could churn all the butter and eat up all the tramps around the place. But if his appetite is big accordin' as his size is, I guess it would take about a tramp a day to keep him filled."

Then he stood and watched them with great interest. He saw the French poodle sit upon his haunches like a penguin, and move his fore-paws like a boxer, and look appealingly at everyone, as though to say that he was begging for a macaroon or a chocolate caramel.

He saw the St. Bernard stretched at full length with a quiet, restful dignity, looking as though waiting for a great, heavy roller to pass over his anatomy and flatten him out for a library rug. He saw the Italian greyhound, whose skin was drawn so tight on him that it made his eyes stand out like electric buttons, and caused the observer to imagine that he couldn't curl up suddenly without bursting his envelope. Then there was the pug, whose skin was so loose and flabby that, if it should burst by any accident, it would be necessary to adjust hooks and eyes to the broken parts to keep the dog proper within. In fact, it seemed that the set of jingling harness he wore was to keep his skin from sliding off, or getting misplaced in such a way that it would require the aid of a dog-doctor to readjust it. He saw the black-and-tan terrier that shone like patent leather, while he stood in his box and trembled as though he had St. Vitus's dance, and would like nothing better than to wrap himself up in a prettily-embroidered red blanket and lie down to pleasant dreams in the silken lap of his fair mistress.

He saw the bull-terriers, some snow-white, some spotted like circus-horses, some brindled like a mackerel sky and striped like an ultra-swell English ulster. And they were the saddest dogs in the whole show, because they could only listen to and look at the other dogs, which, if they could only get at them in a passage-at-teeth, would melt in their mouths and be to them just so much gilded delicatessen.

"How much is one o' them wuth?" inquired old Uncle Timothy Skinflint of a man who seemed to be in charge of a number of stag-hounds.

"Two hundred dollars!" replied the dog man.

"What!" roared the old visitor from the buckwheat districts, "two hundred dollars for one on 'em? Why, down to Scuttle Hole you could buy six or eight cows for that. I've got a fine team of sorrel colts that only cost a hundred, and there's that ornery critter that looks like a wolf for two hundred. Say, mister, ye beant a tryin' to fool me, eh?"

The dog man assured him that he was in dead earnest when he informed him of the price of the stag-hound.

"Well, well, well," said Timothy Skinflint, in an ecstasy of surprise, "it just beats all how things sell up here to York. Now I've got a leetle yaller dog with no tail, an' I'll bet you he can beat any of your high-priced dogs all holler fetchin' coons out of holes. Why you just oughter to see that dog once when he means business. All his hair stands up until he looks like a bush, and then down he goes into the hole, and in less'n no time out he comes with the coon."

"What kind of a dog is it?" inquired the man in charge of the canines, rather interestedly.

"Just a plain yaller dog," replied Timothy Skinflint; "nobody knows what breed he is, or how many breeds he is, and he isn't a beauty, nuther; he is one of the homeliest, ugliest dogs you ever see. It's no wonder the coons can't

stand him. Why he can lick them with his face. And he didn't cost me a cent, either—just strayed on the place of his own accord and never seemed to care to change quarters. Besides being a good house-dog, he is A1 on rabbits. Sometimes he will go off in the fields and chase a flock of rabbits all over the country, and when he gets them pretty well tired out, he will engineer them in such a way that after awhile he steers them right into the barnyard and down into the corner by the pig-pen, where I remain in wait and kill them with a club. That saves the time that it takes to go out gunning, besides the price of powder and shot. Gosh! it is just the slickest thing the way that yaller dog works the rabbits around. When he gets 'em headed for the barnyard he gives a funny sort of yelp that ripples, and that means that I must get out the club and be ready for business. Putty soon they come swarming in so thick that I have to throw down the club and go at 'em with a flail. I tell you, you can say what you like about your funny hunting-dogs in their silver collars, all brushed until they shine like a dinner-plate, but when it comes right down to honest, old-fashioned business dogs, give me my plain, United States yaller dog every time."

And old Uncle Timothy Skinflint waved his umbrella enthusiastically and passed out on the street, and headed for the railroad station

More jubilant and merrier  
For having seen the terrier,  
With prestige all aglow  
At the great Dog Show.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## MRS. FLAILS BRINGS HOME A DOG.

MY friend Flails is a thorough and typical Bohemian. He is big, brawny, blue-eyed and beneficent, and he doesn't care a continental for the conventionalities. Nevertheless, he got married. His wife is *svelte* and *spirituelle* in appearance, with golden hair and a capacity for consuming green fruit and caramels that only the average small boy can approach. They passed a blissful and wholly congenial honeymoon in "slumming." The Chinese, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Negro and the Anarchist were all visited in their several lairs by them, and the polyglot Flails spoke to "Every man in his own tongue," as the Scriptures have it. They generally dined in company with other Bohemians at a Franco-German table d'hôte on Sixth avenue, and dwelt in modest apartments within easy distance. Now, the mania for keeping a dog, to which the feminine mind has become especially prone of late, took possession of the fair spouse of my friend Flails. Numerous, indeed countless, were the promises she exacted from their various acquaintances to procure her a canine pet. Pugs, black-and-tans, poodles, skye-terriers, and, in short, all varieties of suitable and unsuitable dogs were theoretically (after the manner Bohemian) tendered to her—laid, in brief, as offerings at her feet. However, either the embarrassment of riches was too great, or the intending donors had short memories, but no diurnal gambol nor nocturnal howl caused the soul of the ingenious young matron to rejoice. It was darkly hinted by some malicious persons that Flails himself was at the bottom of the matter, and, for personal reasons, kept the actual possession of the dog in abeyance. But there are many domestic matters wherein woman disposes.

Mrs. Flails went on a brief visit to some relatives in the South, and on the eve of her return telegraphed her spouse to the effect that she and a dog might be expected on a certain morning. Debonair and jaunty as usual, the unsuspecting Flails sought the depot to welcome his returning bride. After an effusively affectionate and osculatory greeting, he was dispatched to the baggage-car for the dog. What was his horror and dismay to have consigned to his keeping a large and gaunt ten-months-old Virginia greyhound, the cost of whose transport care had been over five dollars! "My God!" gasped Flails. "How can we keep a brute of this size in our rooms, dear?" "Oh, nicely, dear!" returned the girlish bride, with a loving glance. "He can sleep at the foot of our bed; or, if he wants to have part of the bed, you can take the sofa, can't you, lovey?"

Flails sighed. The hound was named "Rex," and soon he "rexed" it right royally. On the first evening of his arrival he manifested such uneasy and ferocious distaste for his new quarters that poor Flails had to remain at home with him, so that other dwellers in the house should not be terrified out of their senses, while his ethereal mistress sought the table d'hôte alone, a fact which induced a ribald rhymster of the crowd to indite the following dextich:

"While Birdie Flails enjoys herself  
And gallivants around,  
Poor Willy, perched upon a shelf,  
Holds vigil o'er the hound!"

Next evening the couple were significantly silent regarding his conduct over-night, although Flails looked fagged and sleepless. They led Rex to the banquet-hall by means of a stout chain, the end of which was attached to the leg of the *particarré* table at which they sat. All went well until, just as the soup had

been placed on the table, the proprietor's cat crossed the room. With a wild yelp and a spring the noble animal bounded forward, upsetting the Alsatian waiter, who swore copiously, and dragging the table several yards before it fell upon him amid a chaos of broken claret-bottles, *hors-d'œuvres*, soup-plates, and the rest of the table-service. Order was at length restored, and several dollars disbursed indemnified the enraged proprietor and the scalded waiter.

Abroad, Rex demonstrated his noble and intelligent nature by ferociously attacking small dogs, to the terror and consternation of the maiden ladies who led them, and also by howling melodiously whenever a large dog gave him "one in the neck." At home, he slumbered peacefully by day in the center of the bed, lived on candies, Welsh-rarebits, Gruyère cheese sandwiches and other luxuries, occasionally mistaking a yard or so of yellow flannel for a rarebit, or a pair of white kid slippers for a charlotte-russe. His mistress was constantly discovering fresh instances of his marvelous sagacity—traits of almost human perspicacity. "See!" she would cry, in delight: "he wags his tail when I speak to him! Why, he actually knows what I am talking about." On another occasion: "Do look at Rex; he won't go near that cat because she scratched his nose once!" And again: "Just watch how he knows the butcher's shop!"

Never was there such a paragon and prodigy of the canine race. His propensity for playfully tearing garments to tatters and mangling shoes into shreds was unbounded, and poor Flails, who had to foot the bills, groaned. On several occasions he surreptitiously tried to lose the noble animal, making expedition detours around blocks when the hound was apparently otherwise engrossed; but Rex always got home ahead of him. Summer came on, and the trio sought the quietude and health afforded by rural parts. Here this splendid dog was in his glory; here he developed new branches of inherited and acquired intelligence. He harassed the landlady by sportively making away with whole porterhouse steaks and succulent chops; he scared the lives out of small children and timid nurse-girls; he plucked the tails out of the neighbors' chickens and sent them flying in flocks with fluent cackling over fences; he even goaded the placid cow into a state of frenzied belligerency. Flails, who was fain to engross himself in some important literary work, might constantly, at all hours of the day and night, be seen in a condition of perspiration and profanity scouring the village streets for Rex with a club. But he came not when called, and when he did appear it was with such an air and expression of deprecatory meekness and innocence that led his fond owner to denounce his traducers. But the end was at hand. Strychnine and other emollient takers-off had frequently, by considerate hands, been prepared for his delectation and disguised in tender meat or juicy liver, but to no effect. It had been a fondly cherished hope in many breasts that, as he went unmuzzled, some courageous member of the rural force might give him his quietus with a well-directed revolver-bullet. But the wary hound frustrated any such beneficent intent. It fell out, however, that there arrived at the house one day, for a brief visit, a gentleman of a very nervous temperament, and, as all the bedrooms were occupied, a temporary couch was rigged up for him in the front parlor.

During the sultry day the facetious Rex had incessantly bestowed his attentions on this somewhat irascible individual, harassing the rear of his trousers as he strolled through grassy lanes, and worrying at his bare feet when he went down to bathe. Many a rock did the irate visitor



SO ARTLESS!

SWELL (to ingenious maiden during a Cindarella Dance)—"Are you engaged?"

INGENUOUS MAIDEN—"No—but I should so like to be!"

[And, as the old game has it, the consequences were—?]



heave at the grinning canine, and many a bitter anathema did he smother in his throat when the hound's mistress was within earshot. It took several goblets of *spiritus frumenti* (medicinally prescribed) to soothe his perturbed and distracted temperament. The heat was oppressive that night, and the mosquitoes insistent, and drowsiness was the pervading feeling. By some inadvertence Rex was shut out of his fair owner's chamber; and, with his usual considerate desire to precipitate casualties, curled himself up comfortably at the head of the stairs. The visitor betook himself to his couch, his apartment being screened from the hall by a portiere, and, in a brief space, silence, broken only by the stentorian snoring of Flails, reigned throughout the domicile. Presently, what time had elapsed he knew not, the nervous man was awakened by the sound of some clumsy body descending the stairs. Listening intently he heard muffled footsteps. They passed his portiere, and were next audible in the adjacent dining-room, separated from his chamber by folding-doors. There were sounds as of someone falling against furniture, and he drowsily said to himself, as he turned over, "I suppose somebody has come down for a drink of ice-water without a light." Then he relapsed into peaceful slumber. Awaking suddenly again, he was blood-curdlingly conscious of a presence in the room. He heard suppressed breathing. "Burglars!" he mentally gasped; and, as soon as he regained control of his muscles, he cautiously, and without rustling the bed-clothes, sought the handle of his revolver. Ere he could grasp it a heavy weight was laid upon his breast and something cold touched his face. With a wild shriek, clutching the weapon, he sprang from his couch and quickly fired three random shots. There was a howl and a rush as the portiere was violently flung aside. In a trice the entire household, in all stages of *déshabillé*, was out in force and tumult. The incoherent visitor endeavored to explain matters. Flails, who stood resignedly on the landing in his night-shirt, sighed, as he muttered hoarsely, "It's Rex!"

"What?" yelled the infuriated visitor. "That horrid brute! Let me at him!" And through the front-door, which had been left open by some pusillanimous fugitive from upstairs, and through which the hound had also fled, he darted with vengeance in his soul and fire in his eye, all heedless of his airy attire. After the lapse of fifteen minutes he returned, profoundly taciturn and stern. Rex did not reappear that night, although his devoted mistress spent the weary hours in alternately bewailing his absence and vainly beseeching her callous husband to sally forth in quest of her missing and maligned pet. Next morning his cold and rigid form was discovered on the adjacent sward. He had been strangled! Over his beautiful sarcophagus, which Mrs. Flails erected in his honor, the following legend may be deciphered by the wayfarer:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A bound to fortune and to fame well known;  
Endowed with hungry instincts from his birth,  
He nevermore will gnaw a knuckle-bone!"

JOHN MORAN.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK

### WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

THROUGH placid summer seas, in August last, the White Star line steamship *Teutonic* made the wonderful record of five days, sixteen hours and thirty-one minutes, from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. Her sister ship, the *Majestic*, completed last week, before an easterly gale, a more marvelous run—five days, twenty hours and twenty-two minutes.

In his annual message, Mayor Boody strongly recommended the establishment of a great public library in Brooklyn, and a bill, framed under his direction and providing for such a project, was forwarded to Albany. Bonds to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars are to be sold from time to time to constitute a library fund, and the city authorities are authorized to levy a tax of not less than forty thousand dollars a year for its maintenance. The library is to be free, but subject to the rules of the directors. No reference is made in the bill as to the site of the library, but it is designed to build as it on that part of east-side lands, near Prospect Park, where the Institute and Museum buildings are to be erected.

Frederick Moet, a prominent and wealthy German, was cremated at the Buffalo Crematory. He had been a free-thinker, and requested that his will be read before his funeral was held. The document provided that a certain sum be spent for his funeral. The body, accompanied by a number of the man's friends, a band and a double quartet, was conveyed to the crematory. When the body had been placed in the oven, the band played waltz music and the quartet sang popular songs. After the body had been consumed, all present went to a neighboring café and had a banquet, provided with money left by Mr. Moet.

San Diego, Cal., experienced a violent earthquake shock Tuesday night, February 23d.

Typhus has been discovered in two newly-arrived Russian Hebrew families in St. Louis.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine a gift of one hundred thousand dollars was accepted from the corporation of Trinity Church. It was also decided to lay the corner-stone of the Cathedral on November 1, 1892.

The Annual Dog Show opened on February 23d. Additional notes with illustrations will appear next week.

Last week the Magazine Rifle Board met again at the United States Army, in Springfield, Mass. They announced that, in answer to the circular sent out to inventors notifying them that no guns will be examined after June 1, 1892, they have received thirty replies.

A call was made upon Mme. Patti at her hotel in Chicago on Wednesday night, February 24th, by a local musical society, and late in the evening, just before the callers were departing, the diva astonished and amused those present by singing "Annie Rooney." And Chicago regards this as an affront.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *New York Herald*, under date of February 25th, shows up the Duke of Marlborough, and if the statements therein are true, this worthless cad is one of the biggest blackguards in Europe.

The Canadian Parliament opened on Thursday, February 25th.

President Harrison very properly advises Congress to be liberal, in a message reviewing the great scope of the work of the World's Fair.

The wedding of Miss Ella Haggin, daughter of Louis T. Haggin, to Count Rudolph Festetics von Zolna, of Austria, took place on Wednesday, February 24th.

Secretary of the Treasury Foster is on his way to foreign lands in search of health and vigor. He sailed on Wednesday, February 24th, on the North German-Lloyd steamship *Spree*, in company with his physician, Dr. J. B. Hamilton, and W. F. MacLennan, the Chief of the Warrant Department of the Treasury, and the party will be gone about three weeks.

Seaman William Turnbull of the *Baltimore*, murdered at Valparaiso, Chili, was not an American subject, but a Canadian. His aged father, Captain Turnbull, is a resident of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and has just made a claim on the American Government in respect of his loss by his son's death.

The jury which held the fate of Actor Curtis ("Samuel of Posen") in its hands could not agree and were discharged. They stood ten for conviction to two for acquittal.

Governor Tuttle has issued a proclamation setting forth the duty of the people of New Hampshire to take up the cause of Russian charity.

Sarah Bernhardt is suffering from nervous prostration at Minneapolis, where she has canceled her engagement. She will take a few days' rest.

Hereditary insanity is the fate of Edward M. Field.

A uniformed and well-organized force of street-cleaners, similar in every respect to the Police and Fire Departments, is a certainty for New York in the immediate future. How well Commissioner Tom Brennan will look in blue and gold, and a cocked hat!

### EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

LESLIE STEPHEN, M. A., the editor and author, has written a letter to the *London Times* in which he proposes that a fund be raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey.

A letter to the *St. James's Gazette* protests against the erection of a memorial to James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey on the ground that the Abbey should be reserved for Englishmen. "Why," the writer adds, "should we crowd the Poets' Corner with tributes to foreigners who would not be so honored had they been Englishmen? There was no room for a monument to Sir John A. Macdonald because he was a Canadian. Why go out of the way to lick a Yankee's boots?"

Mrs. Annie Margaret Montagu, wife of Robert Montagu, of Coleraine, County Londonderry, and daughter-in-law of Lord Montagu, was examined in Belfast, Thursday, February 25th, on the charge of manslaughter in causing the death of her three-year-old daughter, Mary, of which she had been found guilty by a Coroner's jury, and on the charge of cruelty to her children. Evidence of servants tended to show that Mrs. Montagu had been guilty of gross cruelty to her other children also. Extra police were detailed about the courthouse to keep quiet the crowd that had gathered, and which was excited over the statements of Father McDonald, who had said that Mrs. Montagu was being persecuted because she was Catholic. Mrs. Montagu was committed for trial at the next Assizes on both charges.

Emperor William made a speech to members of the Brandenburg Diet, at a banquet given in his honor, during the course of which he said: "The people need not care for party squabbling and chattering; I go my way, and that is the right way. We are in a state of transition and destined for great things. I'll conduct you into splendid times; and those who will not help me may as well shake German dust from their feet. I ask you to confide in me and help me."

Ten thousand of the hungry and oppressed of Berlin marched on Thursday, February 25th, to the gates of the Emperor's Castle and demanded justice. Singing the



KNOWING TOO MUCH.

NEIGHBOR—"No one knows how his neighbor lives, you know."  
HORRIBLE BOY—"I know how you live. You live on credit, for ma said so to-day."

"Marseillaise" with a mighty roar, they swept up the broad avenue of Unter den Linden, gathered renewed inspiration at the statue of the great Frederick, and, fighting hand to hand with the police, they cried aloud for the Emperor, who, pale and alarmed, looked down upon them from a window of the Alte Schloss. The police, strongly re-enforced, drove the mob back, bleeding and blind with rage and disappointment, to the further parts of the city, where until a late hour their scattered bands pillaged the bakeries and other shops where food could be had, and, led sometimes by women, sometimes by men, defied the police and spread abroad the rallying cry of socialism. Some three or four thousand workmen gathered at Lip's Brewery during the forenoon to receive the report of a deputation which they had sent to the Burgomaster, Herr Forckenbeck, asking him to see the Emperor in behalf of the unemployed of Berlin. They wanted him to ask the Emperor to appoint a commission to inquire into their wrongs and redress their grievances. The Burgomaster refused to see the deputation and threatened them with the police. This message was received with howls of rage and storms of bitter execration, mingled with yells of "Let's go to the Ministry of Commerce! Let's march in a body to the Reichstag and demand redress!" and finally with the shout of "Let's appeal in person to the Emperor! to the castle!" was the cry. "Let's tear down the gates, if necessary, and see the Emperor!"

The Spanish Anarchists are very active at home and abroad. They threaten the Embassy of Spain, and it is now guarded day and night by a special force of police.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

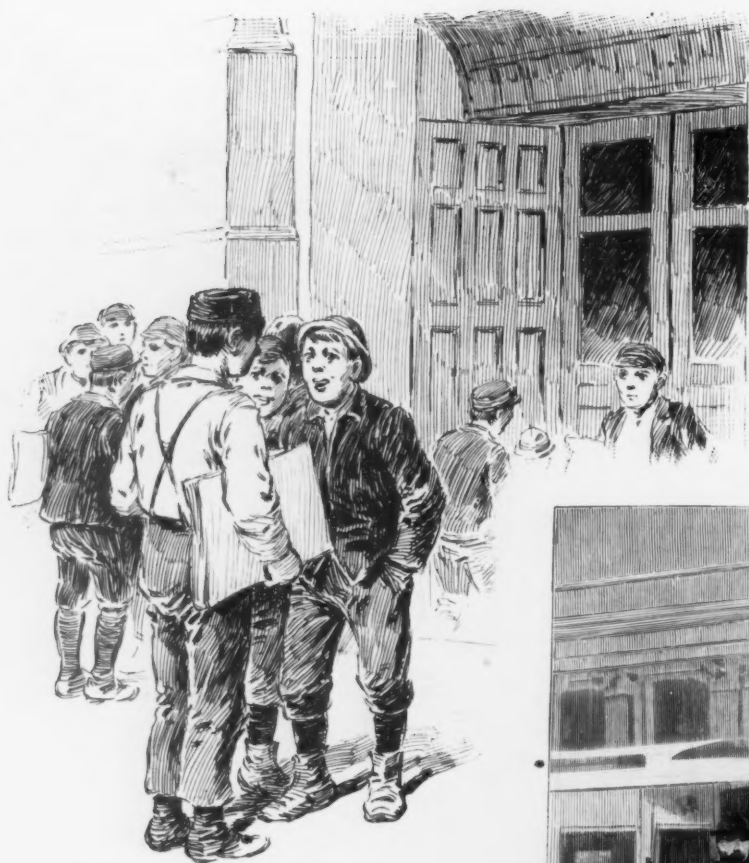
THE recent cake-walk in Madison Square Garden proved a very amusing fizzle. Everybody was in good humor, and "guying" was in order. The dignity of the colored ladies and gentlemen was much ruffled by the flinging of coins into the arena, which, after a little while, became a scene of the most violent scuffling—the "greed of gold" having seized upon walkers, retainers, and even the band. Everybody was pleased, although everybody admitted that the cake-walk was a "sell."—(See page 5.)

THE walls of Castle Garden are now have listened to the matchless voice of Jenny Lind and other famous vocalists of both sexes, hence a concert in "the Garden" was nothing new. In the present case, however, it was a people's concert, and free to the people. Never did so cosmopolitan an audience get together, and never did artists perform for a more attentive and appreciative audience—an audience that could give points in taste, feeling, eye, and politeness, to the alleged aristocratic audiences at the Metropolitan Opera-House.—(See page 13.)

IN our last issue we alluded to the admirable lecture delivered by Professor Garner at a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, Mr. Brander Matthews presiding, on the subject of "Animal Language." Our illustration shows the Professor dilating upon his "ful," the phonograph in which he bottled up the monkey language beside him.—(See page 5.)

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Perfectly pure—instantaneous.

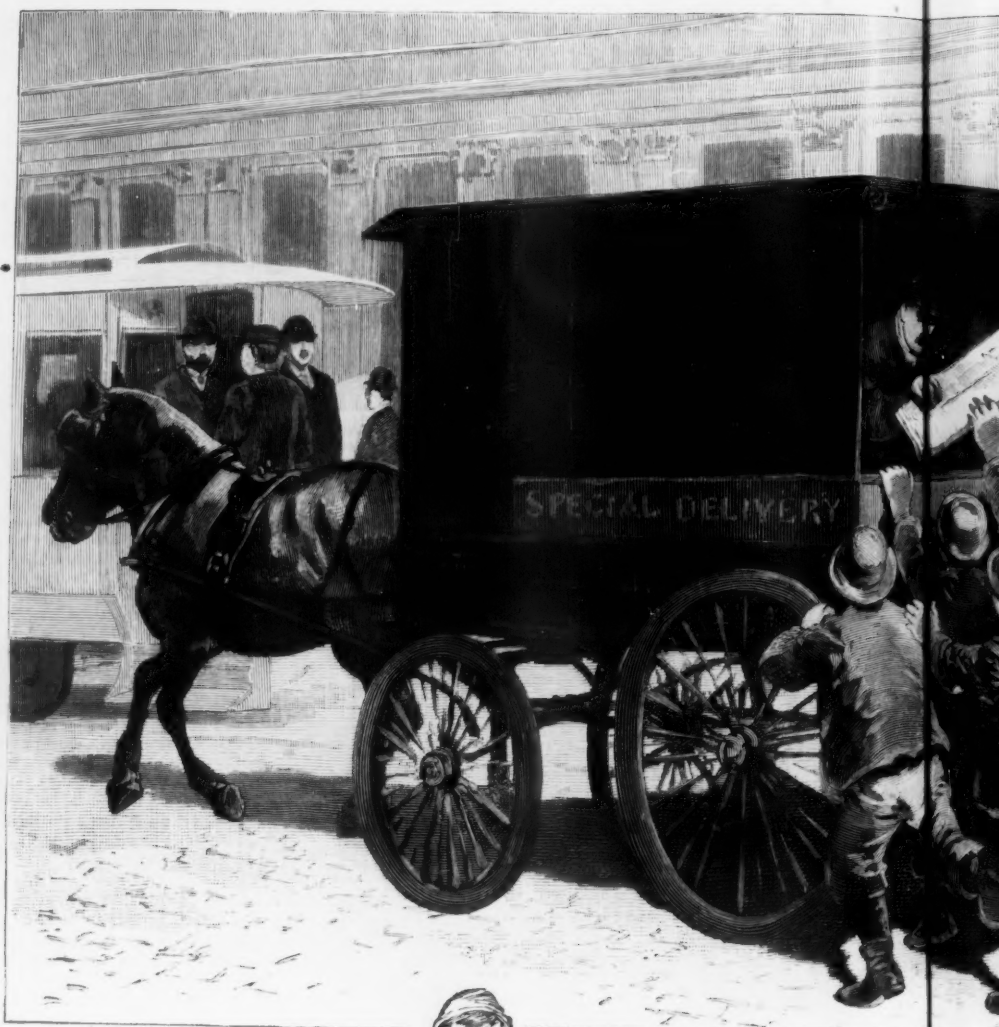
15,000 AXTELL METALLIC W. STRIPS,  
for bottom of doors in N. E. alone. Reliable men  
wanted everywhere to sell and apply them coming  
spring and summer. Address, with stamp,  
E. I. CHURCH & Co., West Hanover, Mass.



THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS



DISCORD



KEADY

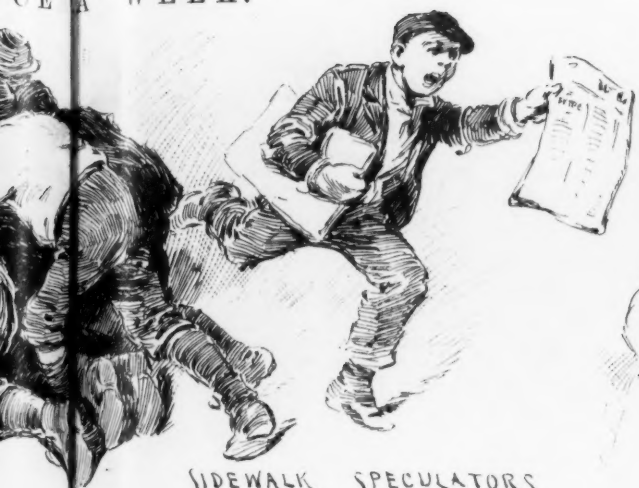
HARMONY



HEADS OR TAILS



CE A WEEK.



SIDEWALK SPECULATORS



EXTRA !



TAILS



WHAT'S DE MATTER WID YER !



GOOD TIMES



HARD TIMES

NEWSBOYS.

## THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED BY MISS FLINT.

PERHAPS, as I was quite a young man at the time of which I am writing, and what is called "working up a practice" for myself, having stepped into no comfortable, ready-made connection, it is scarcely necessary to say that I was not overburdened with clients. I believe at that time I had three; and my small clerk spent the greater part of his time carving his desk. Still, I had a comfortable income apart from my profession—it would have been a bad look-out for me, indeed, if I had not—and, without letting my business go altogether to the dogs, I could give up the greater part of my time to unraveling the mystery of Mr. Grey's murder.

I had not yet called upon the defending counsel or the two maid-servants. They, I argued to myself, might have heard something during the night which in the excitement of the trial they had forgotten to mention. I determined to see the counsel, and, if possible, the two maids.

I had another look at the trial in my chambers that night, and I discovered from that that the leading counsel had apparently taken a great interest in the case; the two juniors had done no examining of witnesses whatever. I knew how valuable the great man's time was, how seldom he more than cross-examined principal witnesses; and I argued that, having conducted the case from beginning to end, he must have taken a more than ordinary interest in the prisoner. I sent a note to him over-night, telling him that I should call at his chambers at half-past eight upon the following morning, and asking him to see me if possible.

In the morning I walked across to the Temple. I had put the diary in my pocket, meaning to show it to him with my addition, and to ask him if that did not put a different complexion on the whole affair.

I reached his rooms, knocked at the outer door, which was opened by an old woman, the counterpart of my own laundress—very old, very scant of breath, and with a decided cough.

"Mr. Dickenson, sir?" she asked. I answered that that was my name.

"Will you step in, sir?" she said. "Mr. Huzzle will see you in a moment."

She shut the door after me, and I followed her along a pretty, wide passage, passed a kitchen on one side and a closed door upon the other, which I concluded was the great man's bedroom, passed a library, and was shown into a large, comfortable sitting-room, which commanded a fine view of the Temple Gardens, Thames Embankment and river. Breakfast was laid for two; the table appointments were beautiful, and the room handsomely furnished.

I was standing by the window admiring the view, when, turning, I saw that Mr. Huzzle had quietly entered the room. He looked as fresh as a new pin, as the saying is, neither worried nor jaded by his work or pleasures; a fresh color flushed his cheek; his eyes were bright and clear as a child's.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dickenson!" he said, holding out his hand. "Fine view from the window, is it not? But you must come during the summer-time if you wish to see it to perfection. Sit down and have some breakfast: Ariel will bring it in a moment."

I excused myself by saying I had already breakfasted.

"Never mind, have some more," he said. "Ariel devils kidneys to perfection."

He touched a little silver gong. Ariel (the stout old lady) brought in a large tray, on which were several covered dishes and a coffee-pot, and soon I was enjoying a second breakfast, talking of matters of general interest while my host took the edge off his appetite.

"There," he said after a time, breaking some crisp toast lazily. "Thank you for your consideration. I am sure you have been dying to broach some particular subject; but I should have disliked you amazingly had you done so before I had satisfied my hunger. Now I am all attention, and shall enjoy my dry toast all the better if you give my brain something to do. One notices at breakfast, my dear sir—that is, if one has not been making an ass of one's self over-night—how the body bosses it if I may use such an expression, over the brain; it will be satisfied first, or, if not, it incapacitates its rival. If one cannot make a good breakfast, in my humble opinion, body and brain are alike likely to make an unsuccessful day of it. Now, sir!"

The "Now, sir!" was sharp and quick. I had often heard him speak in exactly that tone to a witness under examination.

I told him of my undertaking; and I asked him if he could help me in any way to free Miss Moore from her terrible position.

"Neither I nor any other man," he said; "because the woman was guilty. I did what I could for her. I took the whole burden of the case upon my shoulders. I sat up night after night, poring over the terrible incriminating evidence of the diary; and in the end, I verily believe, saved her from the hangman by bringing the weight of all the eloquence I possessed into a speech which pleaded, not that she was innocent, but that she was mad. Had she been less beautiful, I should never have



"Who is that girl over there—the one with the awfully knowing air about her?"  
"That's the ingenue in the theater-company."

saved her life. Had the jury been a jury of women or short-sighted men, I should never have saved her. But they were mostly young, impressionable; so they brought her in mad, though no one of them believed but that she was as sane as you or I."

"Had she been a plainer woman, then," I asked, trying to speak calmly, "you think she would have been hanged?"

"Undoubtedly," he answered. "May I put a question to you?"

"Certainly."

"Are you related in any way to Miss Moore?"

"In no way whatever."

"Then, supposing she were a plain and ugly woman, would you be so interested in her?"

"Perhaps not," I said, after a moment's hesitation. "For was it not with her sweet face that I had fallen in love?"

"Well, my dear sir, we are all alike," he said. "It is natural to love beauty; it is natural that men should shrink from giving a lovely woman over to the hangman. I do not, of course, know what your interest in Miss Moore is; she has been locked up now for five years; so, if you are an old love, you have had time to forget her. But do not think you can ever prove her innocent; that would be impossible, because she was undoubtedly guilty—you would only be running your head against a brick wall."

His words were discouraging; but they did not discourage me. Peter's words to our Lord came into my head, and I felt that from me to my darling they were true indeed: "Though all the world deny Thee, yet will I not forsake Thee."

"And what," I asked, "do you think is the worst piece of evidence against her?"

"The diary, of course."

I took it from my pocket and handed to him.

"You have read it, of course," I said; "will you read it again?"

I gave it to him open at Miss Moore's first incriminating entry, and he read it through.

"I almost remember it word for word," he said, as he finished reading. "If that woman had not been such a fool as to write about her guilt, I believe I should have got her off, in spite of the blood-stained dressing-gown and the ring. Someone else might have dabbled her clothes in the blood, and put the ring in the old man's room. But she acknowledged that she wrote the diary—"

"But said that it referred to her shrinking from a marriage with an old man whom she did not love," I said. "The lost page would have, no doubt, proved the truth of that statement."

He laughed.

"I do not think it would have," he said. "What woman thinks it a sin to wed an old man for his money who will doubtless soon leave her a rich widow? And I do not see how even an entry, saying that the old man wished to marry her, could have made the other entries look like anything but the acknowledgment of premeditated murder."

I took the book from him, and turned back a leaf.

"Read it now," I said.

"Great heavens!" he said, as he finished reading. "This does indeed put a new complexion upon the whole matter. And

yet it cannot be the missing entry, for the writing is different."

"I wrote it myself," I answered. "I had an interview with Miss Moore a few days ago. She told me that the missing leaf of the diary referred to her disinclination to become the wife of an old man whom she did not love. I read the diary over and over again; and from it I judged her to have been, at the time it was written, an excitable, emotional girl, apt to express her feelings in rather high-flown language, to exaggerate the importance of all things, to magnify such an act as wedding an old man without love into a great sin. And I wrote that entry believing, from the knowledge I had gained of her character from her own writing, that it must have been very much what she would herself have written. Supposing there had been an entry like that, should you have still believed her to have been guilty?"

He read it through again before he answered.

"No," he said. "I should not. Could I be sure now that there had been an entry like this, I should think that someone else was guilty, and that the guilty party had torn the leaf out and destroyed it."

I confess that I felt a little proud of having made this great man change his opinion. Now the next thing was to see if I could lead him to suspect anyone else.

"Could you from what you saw of the witnesses suspect any of them?" I asked.

"It almost seems to me that the murder must have been committed by one of the inmates of the house."

"No," he answered, "I cannot suspect anyone else."

"Not Mr. Croft, the confidential servant?" I asked.

"No, certainly not. He was a thief, of course—he stole the missing phonograph, though for what reason I cannot tell; but he most certainly did not commit the murder."

"He was in love with Miss Moore," I said; "he knew that his master wanted to marry her, and he was a half-crazy creature. My opinion is that he was the murderer. And his first thought, after he had finished his work, was to steal the phonograph which contained the voice of the woman he loved. I think, supposing Miss Moore to have been innocent, that everything points to him as guilty."

"Then everything points to the wrong man, Mr. Dickenson. He was no more guilty than you or I. The murder was a woman's work. A man, finding his intended victim asleep, would have gone to work in a more business-like manner, would have struck once and struck home. If Miss Moore did not commit the murder, and I have my doubts now, I should think it more than probable that that very charming woman, Mrs. Towlinson, did."

I felt my face flush indignantly. I could forgive Miss Moore for suspecting her, because, of course, I could forgive her anything; but I could not but feel angry that this man should entertain the same suspicion.

"You have no right to say that," I said, a little hotly; "the suspicion is as unjust as it is unwarrantable! I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Towlinson, and I am sure she is as incapable of having committed such a murder as Miss Moore. She

is a charming woman in every way. She fully believes in Miss Moore's innocence. Remember she did all in her power for her at the time of the trial; and I hope that when I find the guilty party, you will acknowledge you have done her an injustice."

Mr. Huzzle laughed.

"My dear fellow, don't get so hot," he said. "You are young, and all women, particularly all beautiful women, are angels to you; when you have grown to my age, you will know better; you will find that the cloven hoof often peeps out from under many a beauty's petticoat. Now, let us talk quietly. I want to help you, if I can. I am a battered old fellow of the world" (he was perhaps fifty); "women's wiles and women's smiles are very little to me; but I was taken with that beautiful girl's face. And if she was not guilty—and, upon my word, if the lost entry was anything like this one you have supplied, I think it possible that she might not have been—and if so, it is a confounded shame that she has been shut up all these years! I would do anything to help you clear her. You have fallen in love with her, of course; how, when or where, I don't know, and I don't want you to tell me. The time was when I should have fallen in love with her myself, only I am too old for anything of that sort now. You want to obtain her release. Now, supposing I were in your place, shall I tell you what I should do?"

"If you will," I answered.

"Then I should find out all I could about Mrs. Towlinson. Now, don't interrupt me. You are acquainted with her; I should continue to know her, to know her very well. Excuse my saying so, but you are a very handsome man. In your place, I think I should flirt with her a little, and then neglect her a little, just to see if she is more than ordinarily jealous; she would scarcely be a woman if not jealous at all. I should find out whether in any way she had made money her god. I should find out, if possible, what has become of the knife with which the murder was committed. The detectives failed to do so; but, even after the lapse of five years, a lover may do more than trained detectives. Don't waste your time suspecting the confidential servant; he had nothing to do with the murder. Confine your attention and suspicion to the woman whom you love and the woman whom you admire. Now I am afraid I must say good-bye to you. I have to be at the Courts in half an hour, and I want to look up my brief; but if you think I can help you, come and see me again. Looking at things with a new light thrown upon them—a false light, likely as not—it is a suspicious piece of evidence that Mrs. Towlinson overslept herself upon the morning of the murder. You see by that, Mr. Dickenson, how when one gets a certain idea into one's head it colors everything. Apply this truism to your suspicions of Mr. Croft, and you will think them quite as absurd as mine of Mrs. Towlinson. Now, good-morning!"

I left the great pleader more muddled than ever; he certainly had not helped me at all. The idea of suspecting Mrs. Towlinson was absurd; the idea of not suspecting Mr. Croft was equally ridiculous. I looked in my pocketbook for the addresses of the maid-servants. I found that they were both in the same house at Sydenham as cook and housemaid. I thought it very improbable that I should be able to make their acquaintance in a casual manner. Besides, I did not quite like the idea of picking up a friendship with them like a butcher or a baker, so decided to risk the chance of Mrs. Towlinson discovering that I had made inquiries of them, and boldly to ask the mistress of the house if I might have an interview with the maids.

As I expected, the lady of the house, a pleasant-spoken, middle-aged Englishwoman, made no trouble about it whatever. The girls had come to her from Bromley Hall directly after the murder, and had been with her ever since, she said. She did not know whether they would be able to tell me anything about the murder, because she had stipulated when they came that the subject should never be spoken of. She had five young children, and she did not wish them to hear of such things. But, of course, she would be very glad for me to see her maids, and question them, etc. It was very fortunate I had come then, as in a few days,

(Continued on page 15.)

## For Boils, Pimples

carbuncles,  
scrofulous sores,  
eczema, and all other  
blood diseases,  
take

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will  
relieve and cure  
dyspepsia, nervous  
debility, and that  
tired feeling.

Has Cured Others  
will cure you.



## HOW I RENTED MY HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.



One lives in his own house in Washington. It is quite the thing to have a house of your own, but it is not at all the thing to live in it. On the contrary, it is the prevailing fashion to build a fine house, furnish it handsomely, live in it one season, entertain on a grand scale and then move out and lease it, furnished, for a term of years. It never quite loses its identity, but is always known by the name of its original owner, especially if he made himself sufficiently conspicuous in the matter of entertaining during his brief residence there.

It is a matter of comment with strangers visiting the city, that no one seems to live "at home." A fine residence is pointed out as General A's house; Senator B. is living in it. Upon inquiry you find that Mrs. A. is traveling in Europe with her children and the General is living *en garçon* at a hotel. Not a square away is the magnificent residence of Governor C. Happy man, you think, to have such a charming home; and then you are told he is not living in it. He has a suite of rooms at the Shoreham, and an impecunious naval officer who married a rich girl is enjoying his Lares and Penates.

Notable instances of this peculiarity of Washington people are the Blaine House, in which the Blaine family lived less than a year and which has been occupied since by the Leiters, while the Blaines live in the old Seward mansion on Lafayette Square; the Cameron House, where the Morgans, of New York, now live; while the Camerons, in turn, live in the old house adjoining the Seward mansion; the Van Wyck House, occupied by the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court; the Emory House, which has changed hands many times in the last five years; Stewart Castle, built by Senator Stewart, which has long been given up to the Chinese Legation; and dozens of others of equal prominence, while the more modest "for rent, furnished" are legion.

The fashion has grown so of late that the question, "Are you living in your own house this year?" is as common as the familiar, "How do you do?"

I walked about Washington one day with the wife of a foreign naval officer, and as I showed her house after house, telling her who owned and who occupied them, she expressed unbounded astonishment, and said: "Why do people give up their lovely homes; how can they let strangers occupy and destroy them; and why do they leave the charming city?"

I made a lame and half-apologetic explanation that so many strangers came to Washington every season that we, its residents, had to go away to make room for them.

Three times in the last six years I have been in the fashion and out of my house. My first experience was such as I think no house-owner ever had before.

My tenants, a Cabinet officer and his wife and son, occupied the house for a year while I traveled in Europe, and gave it up to me in perfect order, just as I had left it, nothing destroyed or injured.

I was encouraged to make the same experiment the next time I longed for a glimpse of the Old World.

I put my house in the hands of an agent, and within four hours had an applicant at my door.

It was an amusing study to me to note the peculiarities of the people who want to live in other people's houses. By some I was treated with the utmost deference; by others I was almost ignored.

I preferred to show the house myself, for innumerable questions were asked that no servant could answer.

Some of my visitors were most apologetic at what seemed to them an intrusion, while others preceded me into my bedrooms and opened my closet-doors with never a by-your-leave.

One morning my maid came to me with a permit, and I went immediately downstairs, expecting to find my would-be tenants in the drawing-room; but there was no one there. I examined the library. It, too, was empty. Then I explored the dining-room. It was thrown into the deepest gloom by the figures of four women, two at each window. Four noses were flattened against the panes, and eight eyes were gazing at my stable. As I entered, the youngest of the party, a tall girl, turned, and in a high key, said: "How many horses does your stable accommodate?" With as much dignity as I could command, I replied: "Three."

"Oh, that wouldn't do. We have six horses and five carriages. Good-morning." Whereupon they walked in single file to the door and went out. I was sorry afterwards I had not told them I had a house to rent and not a livery-stable. Another woman, whose husband is now in the United States Senate, seemed to have a mania for doors. The first question she asked was, why my front-door was double instead of single. I didn't know, and I feebly told her so. My dining-room windows open on a porch. As soon as she saw this, she said: "Why didn't you have one of them a door?" On my third floor, she asked if I would object to cutting a door from the hall-room into the larger one adjoining. I gladly showed her the objectionable front-doors once more and never saw her again. She did not find a house to suit her, and finally went to an hotel.

Sometimes the applicants came in parties, which often included several members of the family and one or two interested friends. These I found more exasperating than amusing, for, while the family questioned me about stove-lids, and furnace-flues, the friends scrutinized me and made audible comments.

I so far forgot my own interests, on more than one occasion, as to lose my temper and give my answers in a high and mighty way that may have lost me a tenant.

The principal objection to my house at first was, that it

was heated with "Latrobes." Everybody wanted a furnace. I had one put in at a heavy expense, and in a short time the house was taken.

"A family of four," the agent told me. I considered myself fortunate to get such a small family; but, alas! while I rejoiced they proceeded to "blossom as the rose." They followed the biblical injunction to "increase and multiply." In one short week they had called in all their outlying relations, and the family soon numbered eleven.

I was helpless, and could only wait; and at the end of six months I went back to my home a sadder and a wiser woman.

If it had been occupied by the gallant "six hundred" it could not have been more dilapidated and threadbare. My carpets literally turned their backs on me. My chairs were in advanced stages of general debility. One sofa showed such marked symptoms of nervous prostration that we dared not sit on it, and it was promptly laid aside for repairs. A Turkish couch in the library, which had been our especial delight, and which we had hoped, would prove a joy forever, was a hopeless wreck. The springs touched the floor. I took my life in my hands one day and sat on it. I was speedily engulfed, and it took two able-bodied men to pull me out. We found out afterward that a very fat man, one Watkins, had taken his after-dinner naps on it. It always afterward went by the name of Watkins's Glen.

Every piece of furniture in the house had to be taken up tenderly, lifted with care. For weeks there was a procession of crippled chairs and rickety tables going out my back-door. It took me months to restore and replace them.

My tenants made a feeble attempt at replacing the broken china and glass, and I was expected to find consolation for the loss of a handsome Bohemian glass fruit-dish in a ten-cent pressed-glass spoon-holder.

In spite of this experience, when the house-renting epidemic broke out three months ago, I caught it, and in its most malignant form. Again I sought my agents and again I buckled on my armor and waited for the enemy. Two of my neighbors—one my best friend, the other my dearest foe—had their houses in the market, too. This triangular rivalry gave a keener zest to the undertaking, and my soul was in arms. I soon found that the furnace, which was the one thing needful in the past, was highly objectionable in the present. Everybody demanded open fire-places and wood fires.

"Furnace heat is so unhealthy," was their constant cry. I went through the familiar experience of looking through parlor, library and dining-room for my visitors, and finding no one; and then discovering them in my butler's pantry prying into my china closets. I felt compelled to say to one woman, whom I found making herself very much at home: "I am the lady of the house; I think my maid must have neglected to tell you I was in."

The people who "hoped I would leave all my portières—they were so handsome and furnished so much," were invariably followed by a woman who gasped and said: "I couldn't stand all these hangings, I'd have to take them all down, or I couldn't breathe."

Everyone suggested a change here, an improvement there or an addition somewhere else. If I had done all that was asked, I would have torn my house down, rebuilt and refurnished it.

I found the men less exacting than the women. They had left their wives "out West" or "up in the country," and they "just came to look around and get a general idea." One got it by punching my mattresses viciously and taking all manner of liberties with my neatly-made beds. Another, a perfect stranger, skipped through the house, apparently seeing nothing, and then suddenly turned upon me and said: "Well, if I take your house, where are you going?"

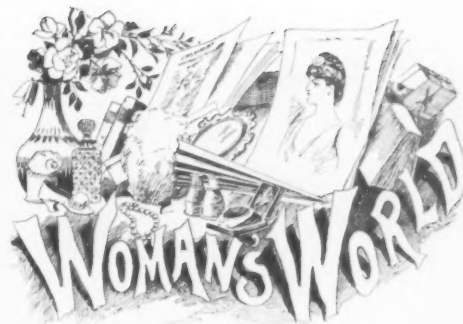
There was one pleasing peculiarity about the men: They made no effort to conceal the size of their families. All the women whom I questioned on this subject gave non-committal replies, a favorite way of temporizing being, "Our family will be rather small this winter," as if it possessed elastic properties and could be regulated to fit any house. The men never hesitated to trot out their eight or ten children.

One morning I was met at the door by a grim-looking woman, who asked if she might see the house. I took her from the first to the fourth floor, into every room and closet, through kitchen, laundry and pantries, and not one comment was made or question asked. I enlarged upon all the good points of my house, called attention to the pretty view from the windows, waxed eloquent over the new furnace—still not a word. At last we reached the front-door, and as she turned the knob she asked, in an antediluvian tone, "Does your dumb-waiter work well?" It was the one thing I had neglected to tell her. With the little breath I had left I assured her it had always given me satisfaction, and she went her way.

In the meantime my two neighbors had rented their houses, and I wailed and gnashed my teeth. But, in due time, a fussy, little man appeared on the scene, armed with a written list of his requirements. He made constant reference to it as we went from room to room, and, as I trustingly remarked after his first visit, "seemed to know just what he wanted." Later, when he decided to take the house, I found that if he did know what he wanted, he had not told it all to me. The "few minor changes" which he suggested were an entire revolution of the plumbing system, the refurnishing of my kitchen and the purchasing of individual pieces of furniture enough to supply a large household. He is now publishing, through my agents, a daily edition of "What I Want."

One of my neighbors told me of a typical experience of hers. After she gave up her house and went away, she received a letter from her tenants, saying: "Where is your fourth floor?" Whether they thought she had taken it with her, or that it had flown off in the night, like Aladdin's palace, she never knew, for she did not answer the letter.

NARCISSE.



## THE MAKING OF PERFUMES.

I SUPPOSE if it were all poured together it would be found that there is used in this city every year no less than one hundred thousand gallons of perfume. It is sold under scores of different names, in bottles of every design and size, and the labels, both foreign and domestic, are almost without number. But the bulk of the foreign variety has never been on the high seas.

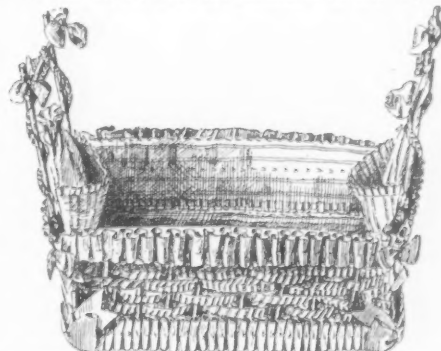
If I were to say that there are over ten thousand perfume factories in the United States, I suppose I would not be believed; but the truth is, nearly every well-equipped drug-store has a department for making perfumes of some sort. In some of the large drug-stores in New York City several young women are specially engaged at this work. Popular taste is constantly changing, but the majority of purchasers are on the lookout for new labels rather than new perfumes. An old combination, with a catchy name on it, goes like wildfire.

The petals of roses, magnolias, tuberose, chrysanthemums, lily-of-the-valley, heliotrope, and scores of other flowers of strong scent, are made to yield their perfume,



PHOTOGRAPH STAND—Pompadour silk, striped in blue and pink and strewn with blossoms, interblended with plain plush in the two shades and antique gazon. Photographs are inserted into each of the six flaps.

and this is mixed with water and extracts from other scented roots or leaves, and is treated with alcohol enough to preserve it. But, if the truth must be known, a very small percentage of the smell so delicious to one's nostrils that comes from most of the perfumes, is the odor of flowers. The perfume-dealer says it is the genuine flower perfume, but he fibs. Let me take one group—the violet perfumes. You get "wild violet," "Canadian violet," "Russian violet," and a half dozen others, but the whole lot of them are made from orris-root. There is no perfume whatever from the wild violet or the *Viola Canadensis*, and no chemical process can extract that which doesn't inhere in the petal. The various orchid perfumes are also a root extract, yet there are thousands in this city now



RODOLPH BASKET—Interplated straw, ornamented with pink and green ruchings and bows. The inside is lined with straw-colored silk, striped in pink; also used for the side-pockets, in which are thrown jewelry and trinkets. Pink butterfly bows, green silk drape and mixed cordelière complete the decoration.

who take out the stoppers from their bottles and say, "What a lovely perfume, to be sure, comes from the orchid." It is a wonder that some satirist doesn't advertise perfume from artificial roses; he would be sure to sell it on account of the new name. Musk is also the basis of a vast number of the so-called flower perfumes, and numerous aromatic barks, gums, roots and spices are pressed into service. The genuine flower perfume is not intense

enough, as a rule, and it is more costly to make. There are thousands upon thousands of gallons of cologne sold which never comes from the malodorous city on the Rhine, but is made in the drug-stores.

Very few of the perfumes are simple; they are nearly all compounded from various elements: Oppopanax, Jockey Club, Marie Stuart, and the scores of others of a similar class, are combinations. Even that pretty perfume got largely from the calacanthus—because Southern maidens hid the cabbage-shaped little flower in their bosoms for its delicate, yet definite, odor—is mixed with other odors. There is an abundance of Mar-of-roses sold here, but the genuine is a product of the East, and can't be sold for less than a dollar a drop. Yet "Mar," so called, is not



**OCCASIONAL TABLE**—The two fleur-de-lys shelves are covered in antique brocade, with a cream-colored ground, striped in pale green and powdered with trails of flowers. Multicolor fringe encircles the top, with cordeliere and tassels drooping at the sides. Legs and square in ruby plush, enhanced with gold galon.

infrequently seen on poor dressing-cases, bought for ten cents a drop. It may not be worth ten cents an ounce.

The girls who make perfumes can't go by their noses, for they lose the sense of smell, and their clothes are so saturated by the different scents that when they go into a crowded place everyone turns round and looks at them.

But perfumes find their way into powdered and solid substances as well as into liquids. Orris-root, ground, is the basis of most of the sachets; rose, heliotrope, violet, so called, and various other odors, being added. There is now, in sachet, such contrivances as hay bundles and mats, which can be placed in any room so as to kill disagreeable odors. They are used in sleeping-rooms, sitting-rooms, libraries, and even kitchens, the odor stealing from them freely all the while. The best of these come from the East, the home of all the choicest spices, myrrhs, frankincense, etc. Then, the perfume-maker has as customers the makers of bonbons, the soap-maker, the candle-maker, the fancy stationer, the liquor-maker, so that perfume is served not alone to inhale, but to eat and to drink. But the perfume that lies in those violet sandies doesn't come from the poor petal strangled in the bonbon!

There must likewise be counted all that group of

Oriental myrrhs, incense, bark, etc., that is employed for tapers and candles to be used in little lamps and candle-sticks—some of them of exquisitely-cut crystal, quaint and costly porcelain, and not seldom of hammered silver and gold—to be found in numerous richly-appointed houses. The quantity of incense powder used on solemn occasions in the Catholic Church is also enormous.

It will be safe to put down the perfume bill of New York City for one year at not less than three million dollars!

THE "bud bodice" is almost the sweetest thing in the world of fashion just now, for it is of filmy chiffon,

sprayed with tiny rosebuds, and flushing faintly with the color of its rose-tinted lining. The fairy-like fabric is folded about the fitter lining as if a needle had never touched it, and where its edges caress the white shoulders it is fringed with tiny Bon Silene buds and blossoms. The plain, full skirt of chiffon falls upon the ruche of the flowers, and a cluster of buds fastens the belt.

A gold slipper fad is accounted for from the fact that this peculiar style of footgear is said to go well with any and every kind of evening gown. Many of the dancing shoes are so fashioned that only a gleam of gold is seen through the perforated top.

Judge Wheeler, of the United States District Court, was recently called upon to decide whether corsets are wearing apparel or mechanical contrivances. The learned judge was very careful about the proper definition: "If you were to ask anybody who did not care about the matter in any way, but who knew whether that was an article of wearing apparel or clothing, or whether it is a mechanical contrivance, I rather think that they would say that it was a part of the clothing; that it would help to keep the body warm, and that it answers the purpose of a waist. I think it is clothing; I am not, however, so very confident about it."

The French swallow-tail coat of the winter mode will reappear during the spring with the coat-tails considerably elongated and pointed. It is particularly becoming to slender women, as are all the modes now popular.

The child Queen of Holland, brought up according to the strict etiquette of the Hollandish Court, which forbids her playing with any other little boys or girls, said to a refractory wax baby the other day: "If you are so naughty I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hands whenever you go out driving."

Plain shell-shaped tabliers, or those with shorter points at the side, have been made by two or three of the leading Paris dressmakers, and may find favor for dressy spring toilets.

The very swell women of the world use on their beds sheets of chamois, bound with silk. Quite a luxury are these—soft and warm. They cost sixty dollars.

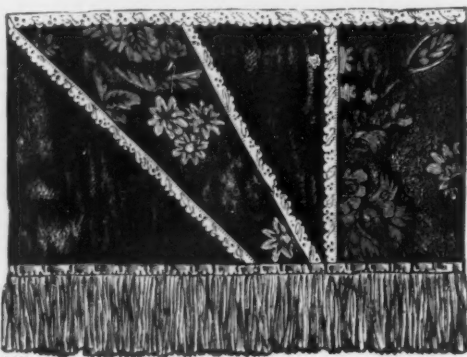


**FRENCH OUTDOOR TOILETTE**—Low draped bodice and fourreau skirt in jasper-green silk, striped with satin of a lighter shade. Three narrow flounces round the hem in box-plaited lizard-green silk. High bodice and long under-sleeves in green embroidered velvet. Directoire sash in satin, edged at the pointed ends with silk ruching. Bonnet in ivory cloth, bordered with lizard-green feather piping; velvet ribbon, jet studs, yellow rose and aigrette.

For mourning wear, very broad-hemmed white pocket-handkerchiefs are popular, rather than black ones.

Gray Suede pocketbooks, with a covering of woven steel, are coming into fashion.

Twenty English and American women are studying at the university at Leipsic.



**SOFA BACK**—Foundation of stout upholsterer's canvas, covered with irregular triangles of moss-green plush and bands of figured silks, outlined with vandyked galon, and finished off with a deep gold fringe. The back is lined with pale-blue satin.

There is a woman in Oregon who has worked twenty-years at stone-cutting.

The most artistic fans nowadays are those that do not close. It is impossible to make a painting that can be doubled up with twelve distinct creases and folds in it without having the artistic features of that painting suffer from the doubling. And so, the very artistic fans are perfectly flat and the silk is stretched over a framework until it is perfectly smooth. The painting is then done, and the fan is carried constantly in the hand.



**NURSERY BASKET**—Wickerwork, covered with cream-colored linen and embroidered with blue and red ingrain cottons.

Mrs. Miller, twenty years of age, is a deputy marshal in the Indian Territory.

Gowns are generally made of fine French nainsooks, exceedingly full, with the full French sleeve. The standing ruffles so long used at the throat and sleeves are giving place to a ruffle at least four and a half inches wide, made of sheer nainsook or fine batiste, trimmed with lace, or embroidered with needlework, or else simply finished with a plain hemstitched hem about half an inch wide. The yoke-gown seems to be a thing of the past.

In the southern islands of Japan the women are the laborers. Their hands are rough and tanned with heavy work, while the men's are delicate and white. The men play the samisen while the women dance, but it is considered a disgrace for the women to play.

One of the newest and daintiest fads for marking stationery is to have the letters made like notes of music in a bar. Done in silver and black, it is very effective.

A woman florist has succeeded in producing blue and green roses by a simple process of her own. It quite takes the palm for ingenuity. In order to obtain these results, she takes a white rose-bush and waters it throughout the winter with a solution of Prussian blue, if blue roses are wanted, and with a solution of sulphate of copper, if the flowers are desired to be of green color.

Girls who need many evening dresses will find a black mousseline de soie, with an embroidered blue forget-me-not scattered on the ground, a very useful and becoming addition to their stock. With long sleeves added when the gay season is past, the dress becomes valuable for summer use.

Miss Sara A. Lathim is the only woman in the United States who holds the position of United States Circuit and District Court Clerk. She fills this office at Springfield, Mo.

The spinning-wheel craze has burst into life again, and is raging with new strength and fire in all the houses in town.

Miss Millington Lathbury declared, in a recent lecture, that the women of ancient Greece were far superior to the women of to-day, both physically and intellectually.



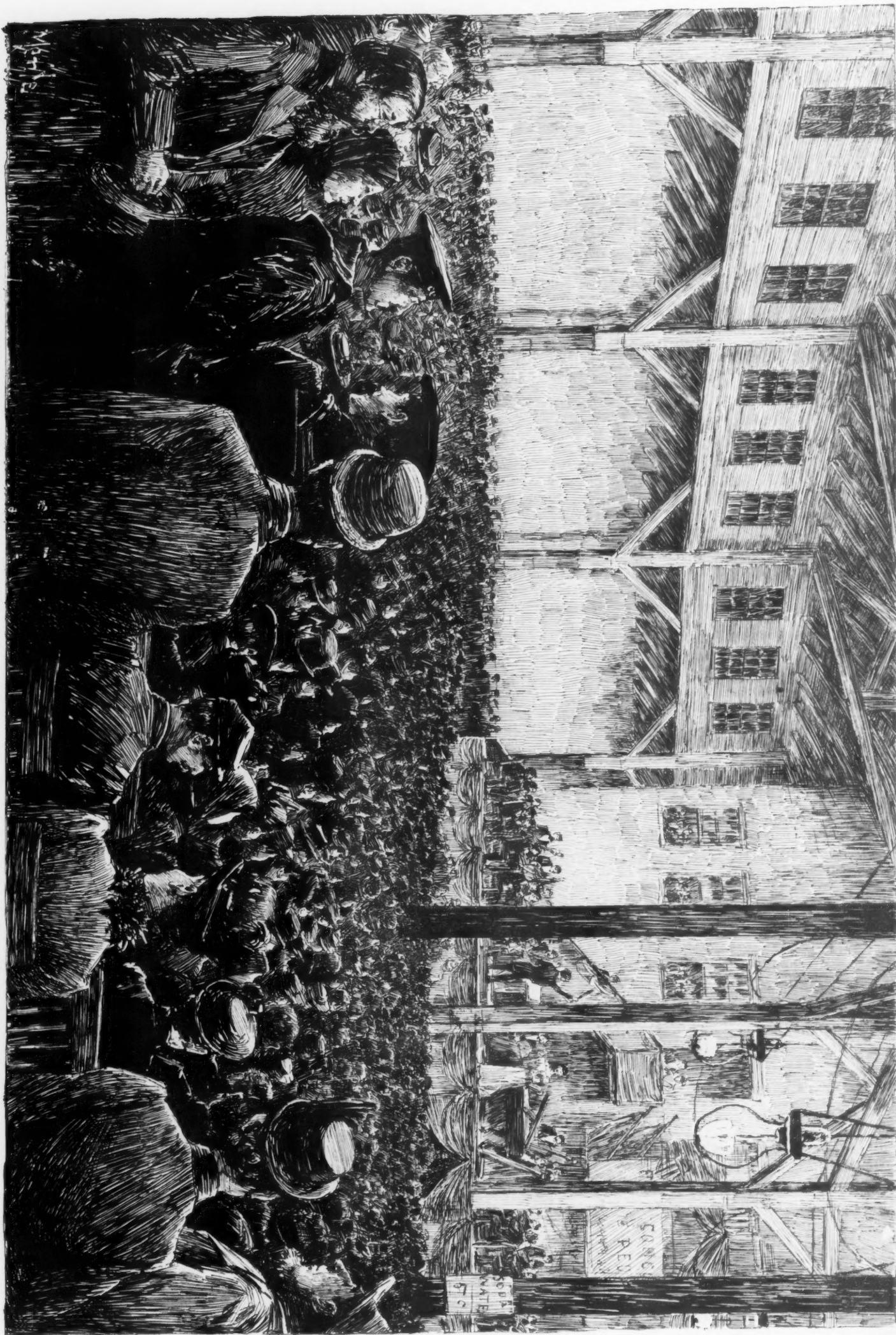
**THE SENORITA BODICE**—Blouse, elbow-sleeves, and fan-plaited epaulettes in pinkish-mauve crepon silk, matching the jabot and neckband. Wristlets and scarf in deep heliotrope bengaline silk; drooping frillings in embroidered lisse. Senorita vest to correspond, trimmed with a treble row of beaded galon.

#### LITTLE NELL.

A COMPLETE set of Dickens's works will be given for the best essay on Dickens's favorite heroine, Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop." All essays must be type-written, on one side of the paper only, and must not exceed one thousand words in length. The name and address of the sender must be written in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. This contest closes April 1, 1892. No essays can be returned under any circumstances.



NEW YORK—A PEOPLE'S CONCERT IN THE ROTUNDA, CASTLE GARDEN.





THOMAS HARDY, whose recently-published novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by many declared his masterpiece, is a pleasant-faced, semi-baldheaded man of middling height, with rather beetling eyebrows and a pointed beard, streaked with gray, and is rising two-and-fifty. He has no use for London, but lives entirely in the heart of that western country of which he has become the historian and the poet, and, being a full-blown magistrate, is enabled to study the rustic from the vantage-ground of the judgment-seat. He began life as an architect, and his house on the outskirts of Dorchester is built from his own designing. It stands exactly over an old Roman graveyard; and, with cheerful practicality, he has turned the bones of the old legendaries to ornamental purposes, the drive up to the front-door being lined and studded with these funeral remains. His sanctum is approached by a winding staircase, and is a veritable museum of relics of dead and gone conquerors; but only the elect are permitted to ascend to the airy chamber, and when he is at work keeps himself severely alone. His first essay in fiction was called "Desperate Remedies," and appeared in 1871. It was followed by "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872), and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873); but the book which made him famous was "Far From the Madding Crowd" (1874), in which his intimate knowledge of the humor and pathos of agricultural life is displayed with admirable artistic effect. He has since written a decade of novels, each of which has enriched the fiction which deals with hearths and villages. In fact, there are some critics who declare him to be the greatest of living romancers, and they come nearer to being right than many people imagine. His new book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," is undoubtedly his best. He has written nothing more powerful, nothing so pathetic, and never before has his pessimism broken out so strongly. The tale is rather too harrowing, and many sympathetic readers, whose heartstrings have been wrenched by the cruelty of the climax, declare that they will never again read anything by the same author. For, despite the fact that we know little or nothing about the life of English peasant folk, the story comes intimately home to us from the start, and afflicts us quite as keenly as if it were enacted next door. Its painfulness is broken by the long and lovely idyl of the dairy-farm, a series of scenes unmatched in recent literature. It is unquestionably the best novel of the period, not excepting even "David Grieve" and "The Little Minister," and these are a trio of books for which we should be duly grateful in these days of indecent mediocrity.

GOVERNOR ROSWELL PETTIBONE FLOWER, of New York, is a sturdily-built man of middling height, with a rotund, smiling face, framed in tersely-trimmed black side-whiskers, and wears eyeglasses. He is rising seven-and-fifty, and his career is of his own making. He began life as a clerk in a store, next worked in a brickyard, and, later, on a farm. Then he taught school for a time, and, finally, opened a small jewelry store, where he laid the foundation of a fortune which is now rated at something like ten million dollars. When, in 1881, Vice-President Morton resigned his seat in Congress to become Minister to France, Mr. Flower was elected to fill it over the head of William Waldorf Astor, and in the following year his name was much mentioned for the nomination for Governor of the Empire State; but Cleveland got it. In 1885 he declined the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor; but, four years later, accepted one for Congress, and was elected, being made a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, an honor very rarely conferred upon a man only serving his second term in Congress, and he probably fought harder for New York on behalf of the World's Fair than any ten others put together. He became very popular on both sides of the House, and gained the reputation of being a conservative, yet progressive, legislator of great industry and absolute honesty; and, being also a successful man of much financial ability, his views on business matters were always listened to with much attention. He is a banker by business and resides in Watertown. He is also an incorrigible smoker, and comes nearer being a philanthropist than most people suppose. He has recently become a grandfather, and is daily increasing in stature as a Presidential possibility.

"BABY" MCKEE, whose portrait adorns our front page, needs no introduction to the readers of ONCE A WEEK. The public is much interested in him, partly for his own sweet sake, and also partly because his grandfather is President of the United States. Strange as it may seem, he has received more columns of newspaper notices, has had more pictures taken and has attracted more attention to his own small self than all the other members of the Harrison household combined. As is well known, he is the "apple of the eye" of the President, after whom he is named Benjamin Harrison. On March 11th, next, he will enter his sixth year, and having recently been promoted to pant-hood, he strongly resents the prefix "Baby." In a recent letter Mrs. McKee says: "The name 'Baby' McKee belongs to Benjamin, although you may see from the picture that he is older. My little girl was born just two weeks after my father was nominated, so during that summer she was too small to be much in company. As Benjamin was constantly in the yard and about the house where the strangers who called saw him, the title 'Baby' McKee was given him by the people who flocked to see my father." By the way, Mrs. McKee has recently written an article on the "Training of Children." Mothers will now have an opportunity of ascertaining why President Harrison's grandson is such a popular young person.

### RESOUNDING SMILES.

THE following story is told of Mr. Barnum: A friend once wrote to him that a certain Mr. Tourgie, of Pennsylvania, "had a nose seven inches in length." Mr. Barnum immediately wrote to Mr. Tourgie to come to New York, and he would pay his expenses. Mr. Tourgie obeyed. One look satisfied the distinguished showman that he was the victim of a practical joke. Without a word he ascertained what his expenses were, and handed him the amount. Mr. Tourgie saw the sights of the city, and went home admiring the liberality of showmen.

LOVE without money has been cynically compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without soles.

FEE SIMPLE.—A fee to a quack.

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police-court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honor," he replied, with emphasis.

WHEN does a man shave with a silver razor?—When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

A SAILOR, during an action, having got his leg shattered by a ball, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain. When the limb was taken off, it was of course immediately thrown overboard, upon which Jack called out to the man who had performed the last office for his departed leg, "I'll complain of you to the captain! Although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my boot with it."

A LARGE SNOWDROP.—An avalanche.

QUEER KIND OF LOVE.—A neuralgic affection.

A SINGER, applying for an engagement, wrote to an impresario as follows: "I am a good musican, I pla all music at furst site." "Well," remarked the impresario to a friend, "she may play by note, but she certainly spells by ear."

A SNUFF-TAKER'S TOAST.—"He that is not a friend at a pinch is not worth a snuff."

DECISIVE.—A little boy, disputing with his sister, exclaimed, "Tis true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so if it ain't so."

"SINCE our last interview, my dear sir, I find that you have got slightly gray." "A mere nothing—a little of the dust off the road of life," was the philosophic reply.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—A young lady having promised her grandmamma that she would never marry a certain young man "on the face of the earth," repaired with him, after the old lady's death, to the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and was married under ground.



GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent.  
J. H. HILAND, General Freight Agent.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

### A NOVEL AND AGREEABLE REMEDY FOR GRIP INFLUENZA AND COLDS.

A WELL-KNOWN New Yorker, who has successfully evaded the grip throughout the winter, said to a friend the other day: "I have discovered a novel remedy for winter colds and for influenza and grip itself. Whenever I feel the crawling, creeping sensation that precedes a cold or a chill, I hasten home and have a very hot cup of Armour's beef tea prepared. I have the cup itself hot, and the tea boiling and not too strong. I sip this slowly, eating a bit of dry toast or a dry cracker with it if I feel like it. Within half an hour the crawling, creeping sensation is gone, and the cold, influenza or grip is knocked out. I never go home at night after the theater or an entertainment when I feel the slightest chill that I do not take a cup of Armour's beef tea. It is the cheapest, most effective and agreeable remedy that I have in the house. Several of my friends have tried it, and all have had the same delightful experience."

CANINE ARITHMETIC.—To make a dog add, multiply or subtract, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one.

### THE CREEDE CAMP EXCITEMENT.

CREEDE CAMP promises to become a second Leadville. The number of people going into this wonderful camp is unprecedented in the history of Colorado, except only during the Leadville excitement. It is estimated that now the townsite is located, that there will be ten thousand people in the camp by June 1st. The new discovery is only reached by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and there is no staging.

THE Danbury philosopher observes that the placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber's shop cannot be counterfeited.

### NEW YORK TO THE WEST VIA BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE B. & O. Co. now operates a complete service of fast Express trains direct from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers are run through from New York to the three cities named, without change or transfer.

The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

QUERY.—If the drum of your ear should be injured, would it be the best thing to do to get an ear-trumpet?

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## MONEY.

### HOW MUCH OF IT CAN I MAKE?

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# THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

(Continued from page 10.)

she was sorry to say, both girls were leaving her to be married. She left me to tell them what they were wanted for; and a few moments after, two shiny-faced damsels, who had evidently been applying yellow soap in liberal quantities a few moments ago, and whose tight, little curls round the forehead gave out a smell of burnt hair, came into the room. Both looked a little frightened and excited, and both were giggling a good deal. A lot of scrimmaging went on outside the door before it was opened; then they seemed to burst in together like two stones from a catapult.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Brown; good-afternoon, Miss Flint," I said, with my sweetest smile and manner. "You will oblige me greatly if you will sit down and answer a few questions."

"Only too 'appy," one said. And both sat down on the very extreme edge of their chairs.

"I think you lived in the house of Mr. Grey before you came here," I said, "occupying the same positions as you do with your present mistress?"

"Me as cook, and Hemma as 'housemaid," the first speaker said. "Yes; we did."

"You as cook," I said, looking at her, admiringly; "then you are Miss Flint?"

"Yes," she said, giggling.

"And you," I continued, brilliantly, turning to the other, "must be Miss Brown?"

"Yes, she is," Miss Flint said. "She is a little nervous now—ain't you Hemma?"—she always is, in the presence of the set at first (I suppose she meant the male sex); "but it works off after a moment or two, and then you should see the change—don't she talk, that's all!"

"And until her shyness works off you will talk for both," I said, still beaming upon them. "And now, if you will be so kind, I want you to do me a great favor."

The lively Miss Flint looked at me and laughed.

"Oh, won't I!" she said, showing all her teeth. Then she leaned across to her friend, and whispered something which sounded like: "Oh, ain't he 'eavenly?"

And they both giggled again.

"I want you to tell me anything you remember about the murder of Mr. Grey, at Bromley Hall," I said. "What with the excitement of the trial, and the shyness which you two modest young girls must have felt at being questioned in open court, you may have forgotten to have told everything you knew; if there is anything you forgot then but remember now, I wish you would tell me."

A pensive look crossed Miss Flint's face; she glanced down at her very substantial feet for a moment or two, then up at me.

"I wasn't a bit of good at the trial—was I, Hemma?" she asked—"I was that upset."

"And very natural, too," I said, encouragingly; "what true woman would not have been? But I hope you are not upset now; I hope I do not frighten you?"

"Law, no," she said, beaming upon me. "And it was not the murder, and the court, and the trial as upset me before; I'd have enjoyed it if I had had the 'art to smarten myself up, and do myself credit in the witness-box, but I hadn't—I hadn't the 'art to even put a new flower in my bonnet, or piece of ribbon round my neck—had I, Hemma?"

"That you hadn't," Hemma said, finding her voice at last. "You see, sir, she had been treated bad by her young man; and that takes the spirit out of a young lady, and floors her, so to speak, for the time being. Not that she isn't all right now, having had her revenge—which, as the poet says, is sweet—and being engaged to one a step higher in the social scale, and going to be married to him as can keep her comfortable and happy, to-morrow week; and the one that has behaved so shamefully to her still a bachelor and likely to remain so; it's something Jane, being a lady of fortune now, has to thank Mrs. Towlinson for after all."

"I gave a little start at the name."

"Mrs. Towlinson," I repeated. "Was not that the late Mr. Grey's lady house-keeper?"

"It were," Miss Flint broke in; "and an artful, designing cat she was, too. Not that she treated us bad as fellow-workers; but the vanity of her, and the callous hard-heartedness; a handsome woman, I admit, and one that could not be content without having every man's admiration for herself. My young gentleman was the postman, sir; a handsome fellow, something after your build. Seven Sundays we walked out together, and was beginning to take a sort of off-hand interest in empty cottages, and the 'ire system, when Mrs. Towlinson began taking the letters in herself, and giving him the benefit of all her fascinations. Not that she ever meant to have him, not she, only she could not bear any other woman to be admired but herself. And then I found him getting sort of restive when I told him I was making wool-flowers to go under a glass shade for the best parlor-window. And then, one Sunday, he ups and tells me that he was sorry, but his affections had changed. And, sir, right on that come the murder. And if I had been a dumb mummy, I should have been as much good in court as I was then. But now things is all right, and my 'art is at rest, having found its haven. And, can tell you this, Mrs. Towlinson was as jealous as a pig of the master's love for Miss Moore; though I don't think she did; let alone her jealousy, she was kind-hearted, and loved the master, I am sure. Mr. Croft

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loved the lady secretary, too, as dearly as the master did; and was jealous of the master—too that being natural. Mrs. Towlinson knew about the master's last will, I am sure. And I should not wonder if, when she found him dead, she stole it. He made his last will in the dining-room, and Mrs. Towlinson was in the drawing-room all the time, which there were only folding-doors between, and of course she could hear all he and the lawyer was saying. I do not think she stole the will, but I do not think she did any more. Mr. Croft, they say, has gone mad since Miss Moore was shut up; and I don't wonder at it—he loved the ground she walked on. He used to lie on the master's mat often at nights, to hear the voice come out of that thing, which I always say was magic. And if anyone in the house killed master through jealousy, I should give it as my humble opinion that he did it."

(To be continued.)

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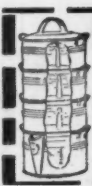
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